

NEW!

CANINE the BARBARIAN!

**#32
FALL
1986**

**\$2.00
\$2.25
in CANADA
F
06241**

SUPER CRACKED



**ALL-NEW SUPER-POWERED
LAUGHS WITH THE**

CRACKED

CRUSADER

and

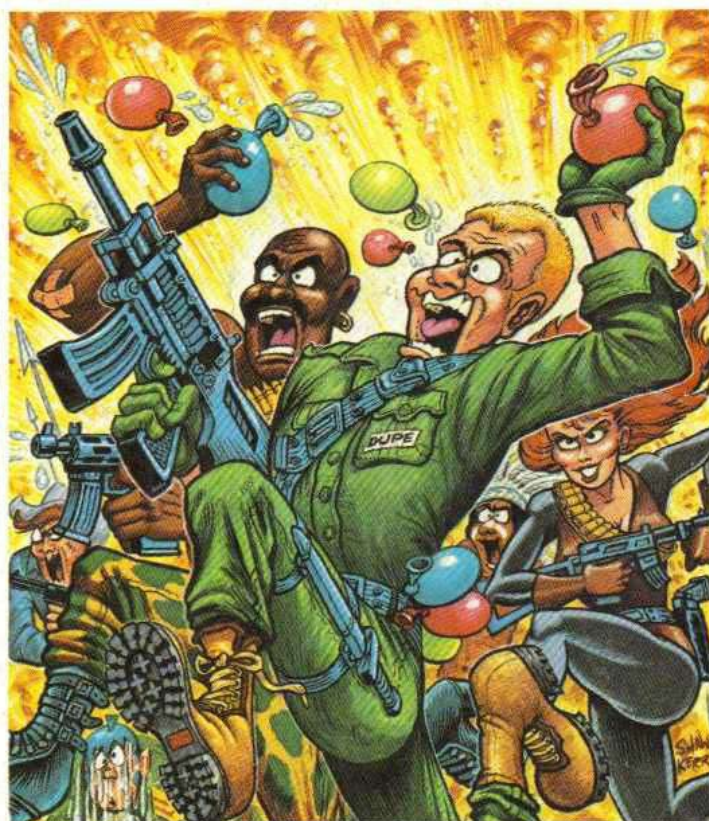
G★I★JOKE

PLUS WE

MONKEY

AROUND WITH THE

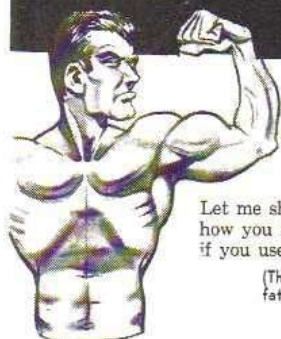
APE MAN!



FREE!

BIG, LARGE 1003-PAGE SKINNY-BUILDING COURSE!

WONDERFULLY ILLUSTRATED
WITH PHOTOS OF THE CHUMPS!

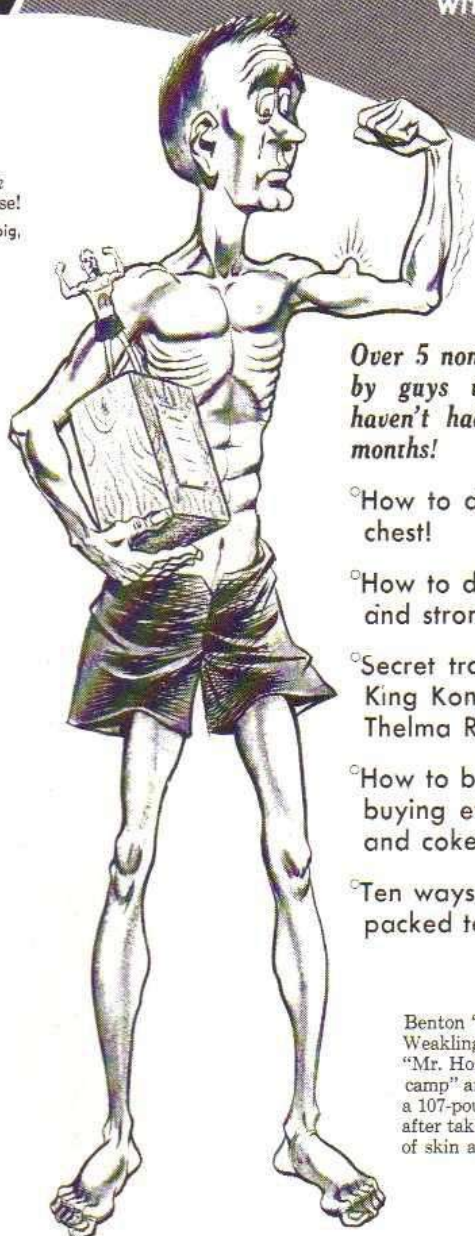


Let me show you
how you *won't* look
if you use my course!

(This guy's a big,
fat show-off!)

ALL IN JUST 10, SHORT YEARS!

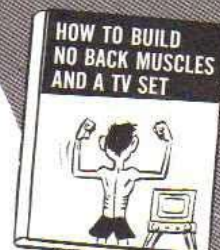
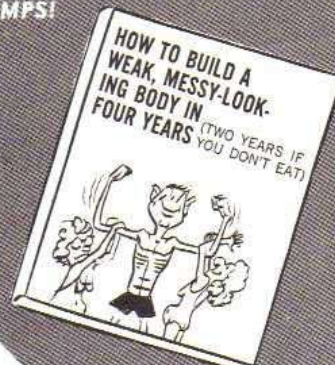
I will make you look like
the guy on the right! Who
wants mighty muscles and
a fab figure? If you do,
forget us, Mac. We're
looking for guys who want
to look like 90 pounds of
wet noodles, guys who
want to look like they feel
out of a jello box! If you
fit in this group, sign
up today!



Over 5 non-action photos posed
by guys who look like they
haven't had a square meal in
months!

- How to develop a ycccch
chest!
- How to develop weak arms
and strong earlobes!
- Secret training methods of
King Kong, Don Knotts and
Thelma Ritter!
- How to be a beach star by
buying everybody hot dogs
and cokes!
- Ten ways to have power-
packed toe nails!

Benton "Pipe Cleaner" Fleabish, a Charlie
Weakling-trained mess. Title winner of
"Mr. Hoboken, N.J.," "Mr. Send-this-boy-to-
camp" and "Mr. Nothing, U.S.A." Benton was
a 107-pound hunk of skin and bones. Today,
after taking the course, he's a 91-pound hunk
of skin and bones! Great work, Benton!



PAY NOTHING NOW! PAY NOTHING LATER! Pay the \$7,403 in an hour or we'll send some guys over to lean on you!

THE \$1.56 CHALLENGE ONLY
CHARLIE WEAKLING DARES TO
MAKE! ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU
USE MY COURSE FOR TEN YEARS
SO THAT I WILL MAKE A LOT OF
MONEY!

Charlie Weakling

The Money-Hungry King!

JUST 14 HOURS A DAY, AND BEFORE YOU
KNOW IT, YOU'LL HAVE ARMS OF PUTTY,
LEGS LIKE STRINGS OF MARSHMALLOWS!
ONLY CHARLIE WEAKLING CAN DO THIS
FOR YOU. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE—
JUST \$7,403 AND ANY MUSCLES YOU MAY
NOW HAVE!

CHARLIE WEAKLING
TRAINER OF THE GUYS WHO HAVE SAND KICKED
IN THEIR FACE AT THE BEACH.
390-93-65-71-106 SCRAWNY ST.
UNDERDEVELOPED CITY, CANADA

Okay, Charlie, send me my free weak, messy-looking body
course. (Enclosed find \$7,403 to help pay the cost of
handling and postage.)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ BEACH _____ STATE _____

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SUPER CRACKED

UTILIZING THE SUPER BRAINS
OF THE FOLLOWING COMIC
CUT UPS:

JOHN SEVERIN, BILL WARD,
JACK DAVIS, GEORGE GLADIR,
JOE CATALANO, MORT TODD,
STU SCHWARTZBERG, SHAWN
KERRI, GARY FIELDS, BILL
WRAY and BOB FINGERMAN

**MICHAEL
DELLE-FEMINE**
SUPER EDITOR

BARRY SHAPIRO
THE AMAZING
ART DIRECTOR

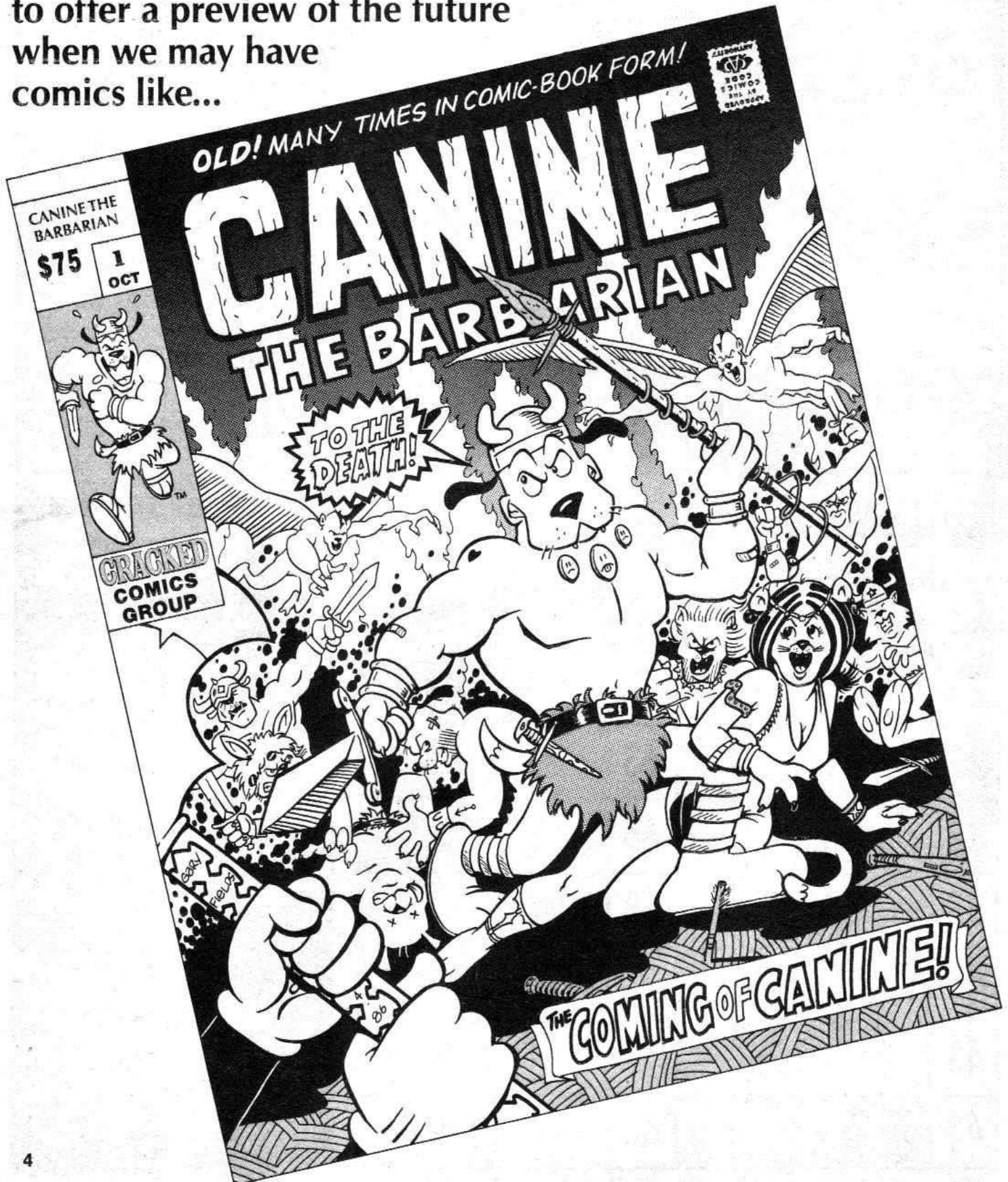


SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE
RESIDENT CUSTODIAN

This Issue Respectfully
Dedicated to
JULIUS SCHWARTZ

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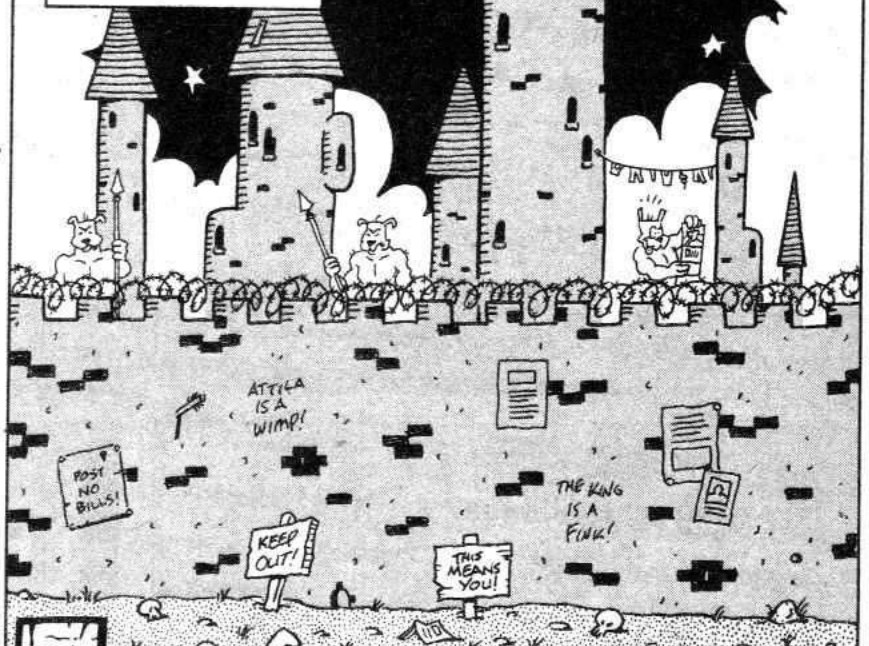
What with the success of characters like RAMBO, CONAN and the TERMINATOR in popular media, wither goest those cute fuzzy funny animals made famous by DISNEY and others? Well, leave it to SUPER CRACKED to offer a preview of the future when we may have comics like...



"Know, O prince, that between the years when the seas drank Atlantis and could of had a V-8, and the rise and jailing of the sons of Ardass, there was an age uncared of, when tiny kingdoms were scattered across the world like lumps in your gravy... hither came **Canine the Barbarian**, black furred, swollen eyed sword in paw, a thief, a reaver, a mutt with a big chip on his shoulder, to trip over jeweled thrones of the Earth under his sandaled paws."

The Kemedian Kronicles

It's another typical barbaric night during the typical barbaric times of the Hyboarean Age...



CANINE THE BARBARIAN

...Where we find our not so typical hero of this story!

By Crum! these towers seem to get higher and higher all the time!



According to the grapevine, this tower has the object of my desire!

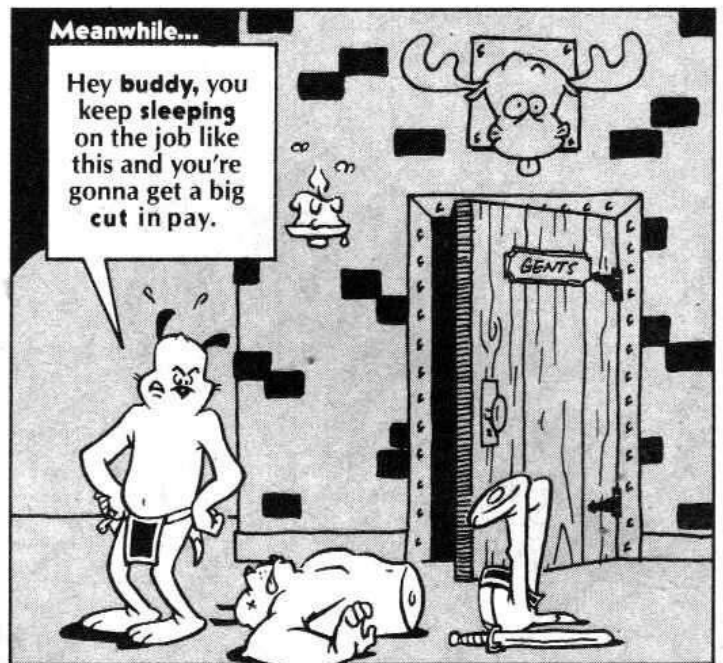
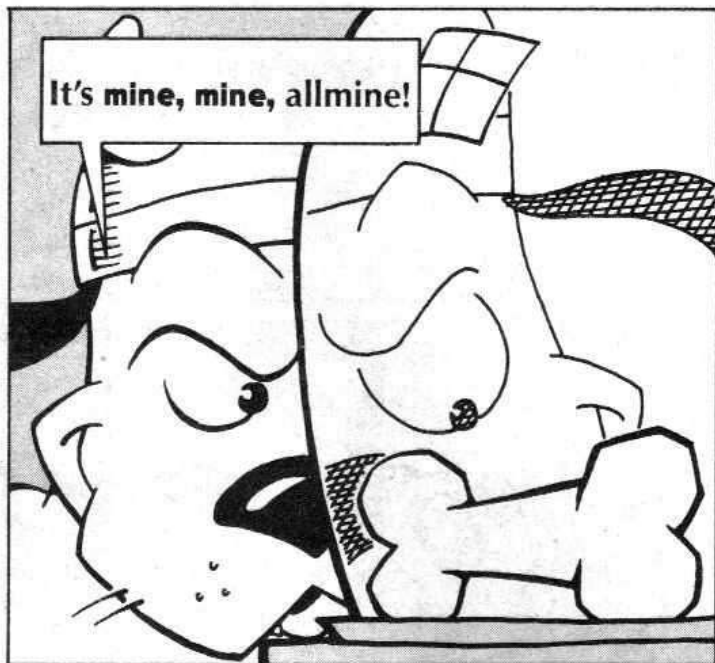


But first I get to have a little fun!



Aah...I just love the fringe benefits of being a cartoon character!





I'll just scarf up my find and boogie on out...



Halt, barbarian! You are under arrest by order of the Imperial Guard! Capture that son of a dog!

Hey, watch it! No need to get personal!



This is great, guys! We should get together more often!



I really don't socialize as much as I should. Do you guys like to play cards?



So long suckers! Thanks for the exercise.



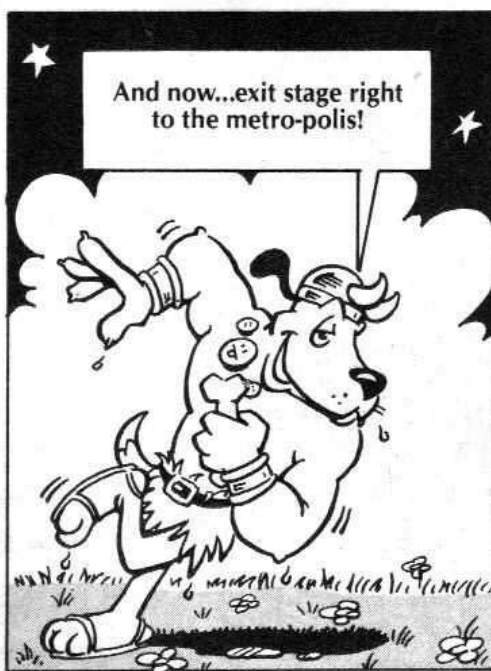
Sheesh! I remember a time when it really **meant** something to be an **Imperial Guard**! Critters today have no pride in their work!



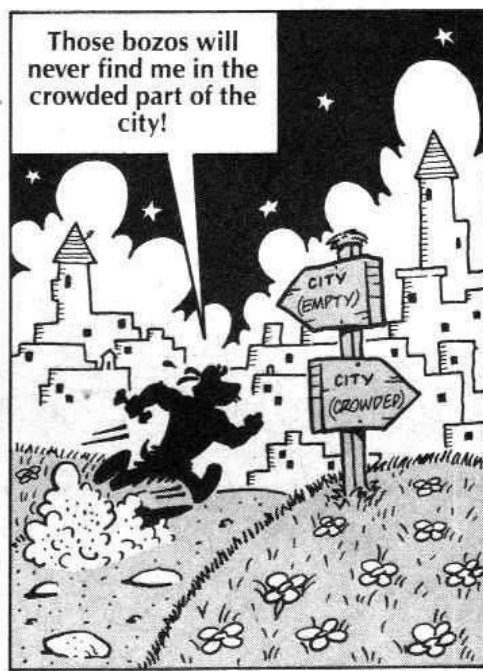
The Imperial Fountain will break my fall! Looks like I'll have this month's bath a little early!



And now...exit stage right to the metro-polis!

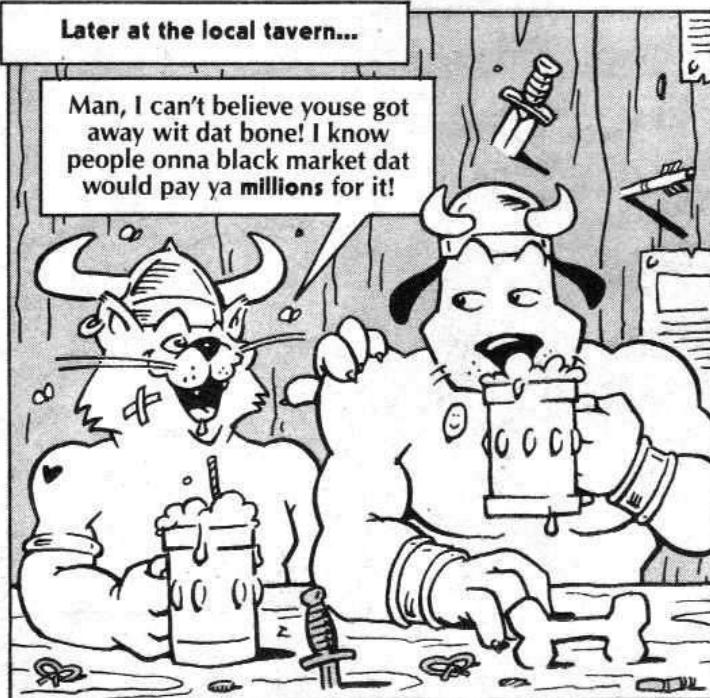


Those bozos will never find me in the crowded part of the city!



Later at the local tavern...

Man, I can't believe youse got away wit dat bone! I know people onna black market dat would pay ya **millions** for it!



To heck with that...

...All I wanted it for was a **midnight snack**!



GI JOKE-IN-WORDDY WARS

A REAL AMERICAN NUT!

As our story opens, the JOKE TEAM has just been summoned to the PRESIDENT'S MEMORABILIA ROOM in the WHITE HOUSE...



...a devious clone they could replace you with and use it to destroy our ALL-AMERICAN way of life!

BUT I JUST WANT MY PIMPLE BACK...



Soon, in the skies above COBRAT HEADQUARTERS...

Let's get those low down
pimple pilferin' COBRATS!!

**GO
JOKES!**

...and BELOW...

What a boring day!
I'm so bored! I wish
something would
happen!

I CAN'T
BREATHE
IN THIS
DUMB
THING!

**ENOUGH WITH
THE WISHES
ALREADY!!**

Festro and Baroness are tryin' to escape!

I'll stop 'em! I ain't called Roadblockhead for...



...NOTHIN'!



Alright, yer highness...where's the President's WART?!

We don't haff your icky ol' pimple anymore!



Then...who does?

It was sold to Comrade Chokenkoff, a Soviet mercenary!

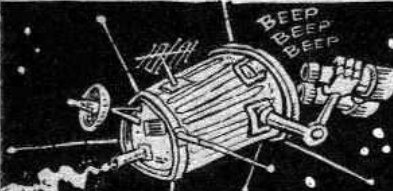


The pimple in the hands of the RUSSIANS!

Finally! A chance for nuclear escalation!



LET'S GO, JOKES!



Using a satellite with a war-finding wavelength, the JOKE TEAM locates the executive zit in the Siberian village of Dumpoffski...



My all-american instincts tell me it's in that fortress!

FIRE!

WHY DON'T WE JUST USE...



Hold it! Cease fire! This is an old folks' home!

Ah, heck! All these Rooskie buildings look alike!

WAIT, WHY DON'T WE JUST USE...



Hey! Why don't we just use our mobile pimple detector?

Good idea!

It's in that post office!



Jes' stroll in... casual like! We don't wanna attract any undue attention to ourselves!



Hoo boy! And we thought postal workers back home had a bad temper!



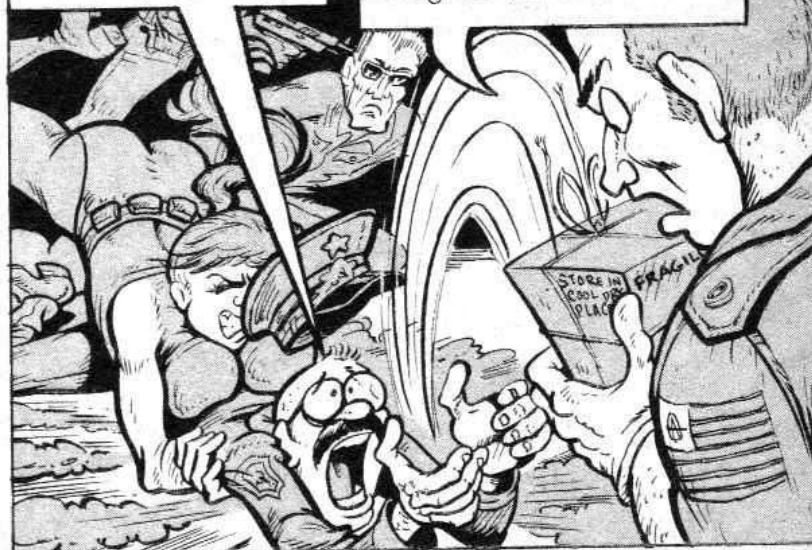
There goes Chokenkoff with the Postmaster... and they've got the wart!

STOP 'EM!!



NYET! Dat zit itz mine! I bought it fair 'n' square!

What does a lowly public servant like you want with a great man's blemish?



Look at Russian history...most of our leaders have been gloriously hideous!

IVAN THE TERRIBLE LOOKING

RANKEROKSKI

ANDRE AWFULOFFSKI

BRESHNUFF



With that gross wart stuck to my mug, I'd have been ugly enough to...(sniff) rule...(sob) all of Russia!



There's a moral...

...greatness can not be bought...it has to grow on you!

MORAL



Back in the ol' U.S. of A...

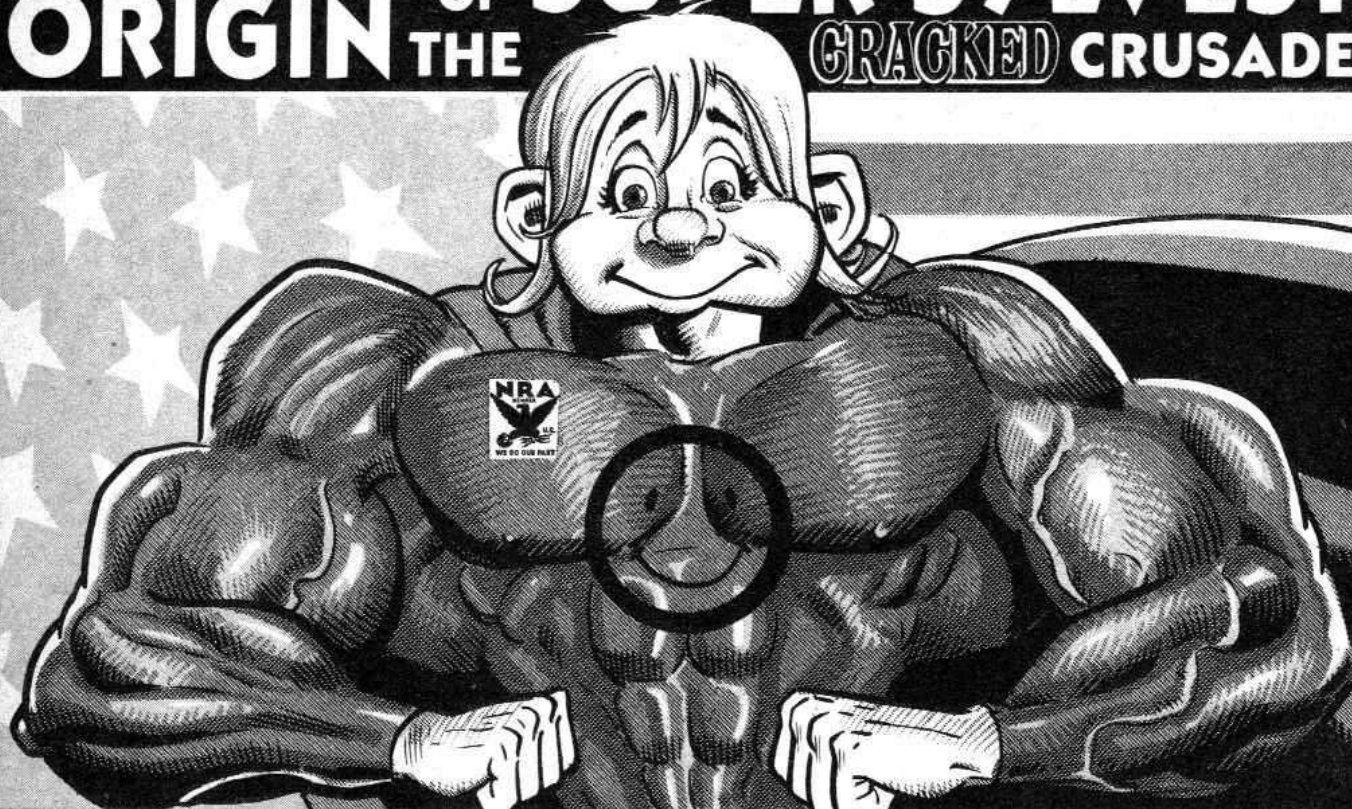
How can I ever thank you?

T'aint necessary, Chief...It's all in a day's wart! oops!



Like all men of power, fame, intelligence (?), and good looks (???), SUPER SYLVESTER, the CRACKED CRUSADER has an origin worthy of recounting. so join us now as we present...

ANOTHER OF SUPER SYLVESTER ORIGIN THE CRACKED CRUSADER!



AN
American
SHORT
MYSTERY NOVEL
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

BOB
FINGERMAN
AND
Bill
Wray

On the doomed planet of DRYPTON famous scientist and song stylist Bill-ee Joe-el and his wife crust-ee prepare for the impending destruction of their world!

Well honey, our planet is about to be demolished. Whatta ya think about that?

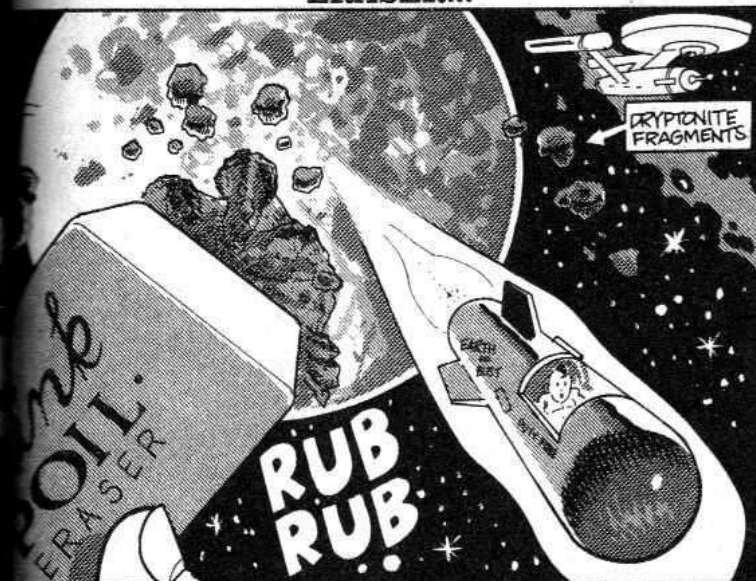
And I thought your PIANO MAN album was depressing...sheesh! At least our baby No-cal will be saved!

As No-cal's parents bemoan their fate, Sylv-el, the Joel's faithful housekeeper, makes a deposit of his own in their child's escape rocket!

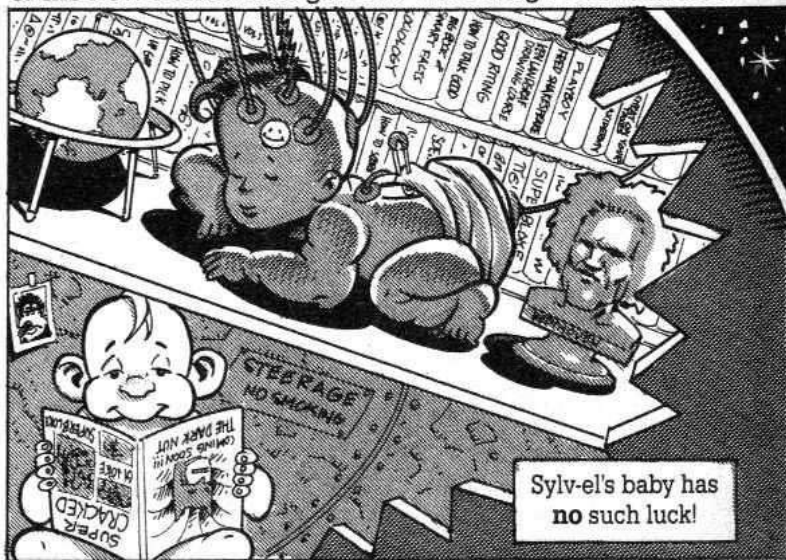
One good thing about this planet getting destroyed is that it gives me a chance to get rid of this ugly kid of mine, and feel noble at the same time!



As the **tiny rocket** hurtles towards **Earth**, the planet **DRYPTON** is rubbed out by the giant **COSMIC ERASER!!!**



Through-out the journey to Earth, baby **No-cal** is hooked up to a computer so he will be hip to the ways of his new home...and get into the college of his choice.



The rocket, upon reaching Earth, crashes into the barn of the K'ants, a hard working and kind, thought not **terribly** bright couple!



Whutcha lookin' at, Maw?

A rocket jes fell out'en th'sky, and **dee-molished** our barn, y'deaf old **coot**!



The K'ants discover little **No-cal** a mere few feet from the **rocket wreckage**!



A few feet further in the pig pen, the stowaway passenger is **also** discovered!



The mother pig, being a kindly soul, took young **Sylv-el Jr.** in as one of her own!

Whatever it is Maw, that's th' ugliest lookin' baby I ever seen!



Ma K'ant re-named No-cal **Clunk K'ant**, and raised him, unaware of his as yet undiscovered **powers!**

Look, Maw. There's an ugly baby in the pig pen!

That's no baby, y'dern fool, it's a pig!

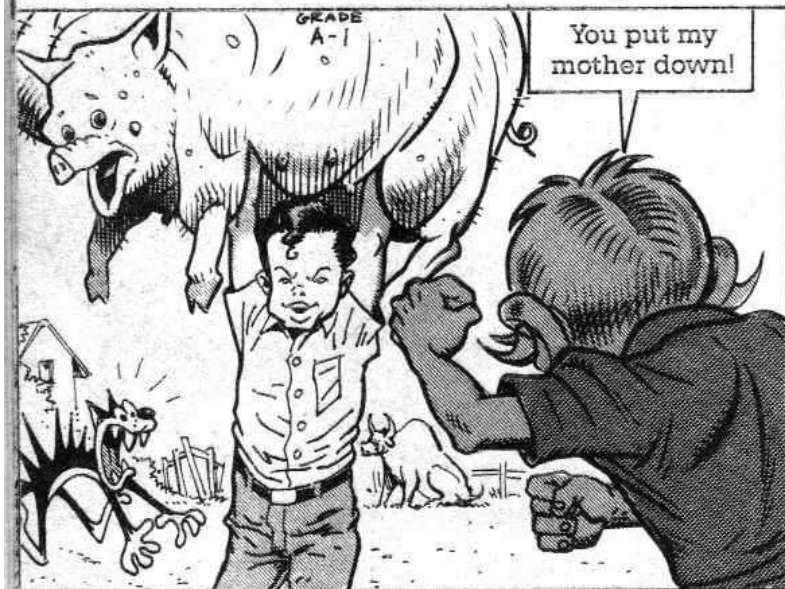


Ma K'ant soon learned that Pa was **right** for once, and took in Sylv-el, re-naming him **Sylvester!** Sylvester still though of the pig as his real mother, however...

MA MA.



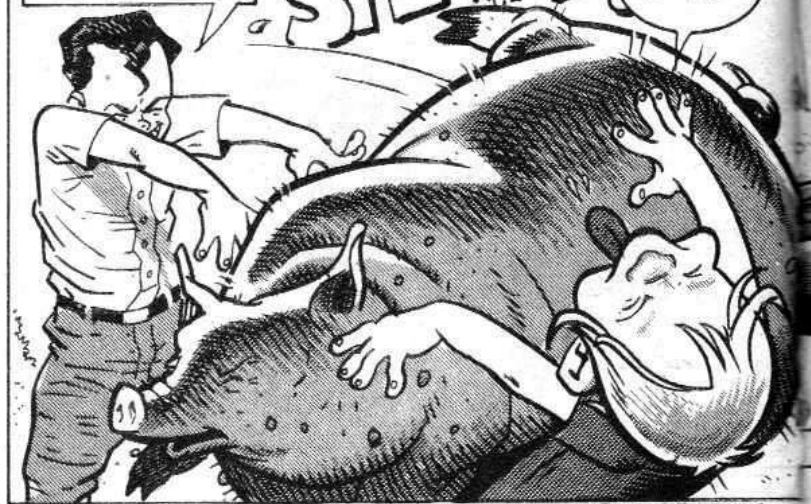
As the boys were raised together, **Clunk** started exhibiting **amazing** feats of strength!



In the strength department, Sylvester was a mental and physical **wash out!**

Whatever you say, **shrimpo!**

SPLAT! **OOOF!**



The boys grew up, and left their humble home to find work in the **big city!** **Clunk** became an **ace reporter**, and **Sylvester** became an **ace janitor**.

This X-ray vision I've got sure aides my **crime fighting!**

Flash! Villain extraordinaire, **BRAINYBUTT**, has just kidnapped Clunk (Soupedupman) K'ant's foster parents!



That **big-brained bum!** How dare he? I must save my adopted parents!

I'll go with you! This could get **messy!**

Yeah? What's a little **twerp** like **you** gonna do?

I'm a **janitor!** Dealing with messes is my **business!**

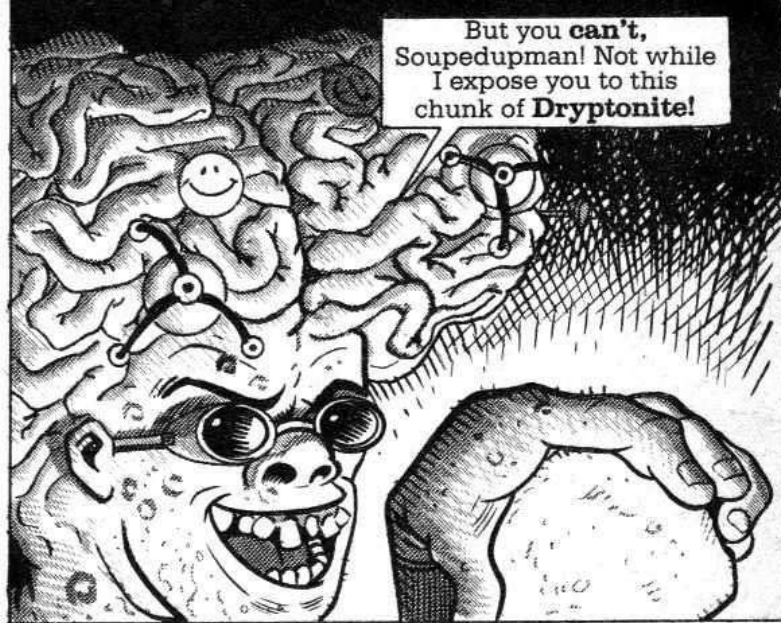


With my army of angry **Arnold Fluffernutter** clones, I shall rule the world!

Not if I can help it, **Brainybutt!**



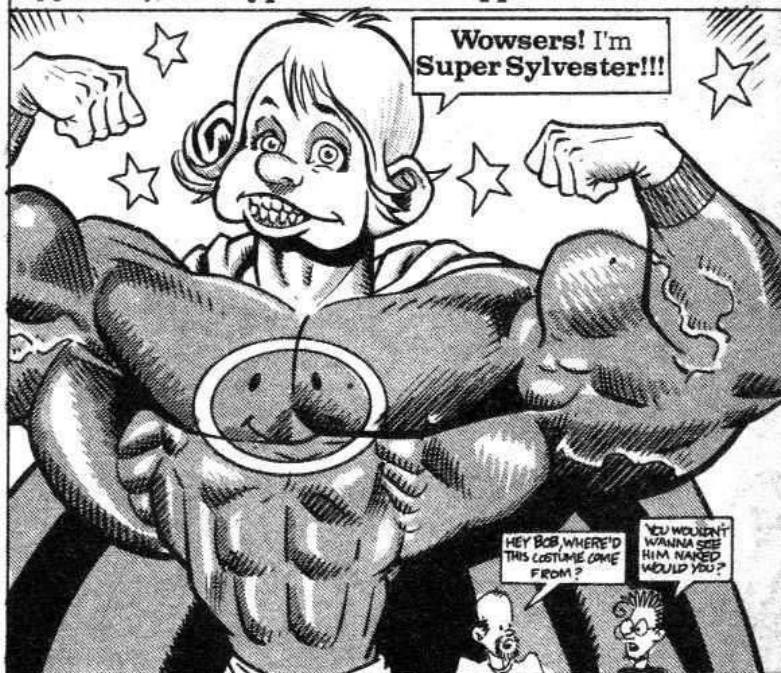
But you can't, Soupedupman! Not while I expose you to this chunk of **Dryptonite!**



As **Soupedupman** shrivels into a quivering, helpless mass, **Sylvester** feels a strange surge of **power** going through his body!



Apparently, the **Dryptonite** has the **opposite** effect on him!



Destroy him!!!

Let's Potty!!!



Stop! Stop this idiotic mockery of comics history! I'm John Byrnt, the greatest genius in comics and I demand your attention!

?

FOR ALL YOU NON-COMIC BOOK READER TYPES, THIS GUY DRAWS THE REAL - Ed.

Look at **this!** An army of **Arnold Fluffernutters!** How **stupid** can you **get?** I'd **never** do things **this** way in **my** comics!

Dit he call us schtupidt?

MAY BE ON THE MOVE

And **this** here! **Super Sylvester**, indeed! I smell a **lawsuit** in the works!

That's not a very nice thing to say!

LARGE FOREHEAD

BUT IM GOING

And look at **you** two! **Brainybutt** and **Soupedupman!** A **freak** and a **coward**, **Hrump!**

Freak?

Coward?

SUPERSTAR

MY HEAD IS NOT TO BIG FOR MY BODY

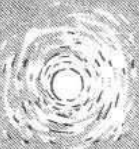
How **dare** you invade our comic and spoil our ending?!

Perhaps I spoke a bit out of line?

I was **right!** They are gonna need a **super-janitor** around here! There's gonna be **some** mess! **Yech!**

PUMMEL
KILL
MURDER
MAIM

©BOB FINGERMAN & SPILL Wray



*You've heard of a **Night at the Opera**...well, here come a whole day with...*



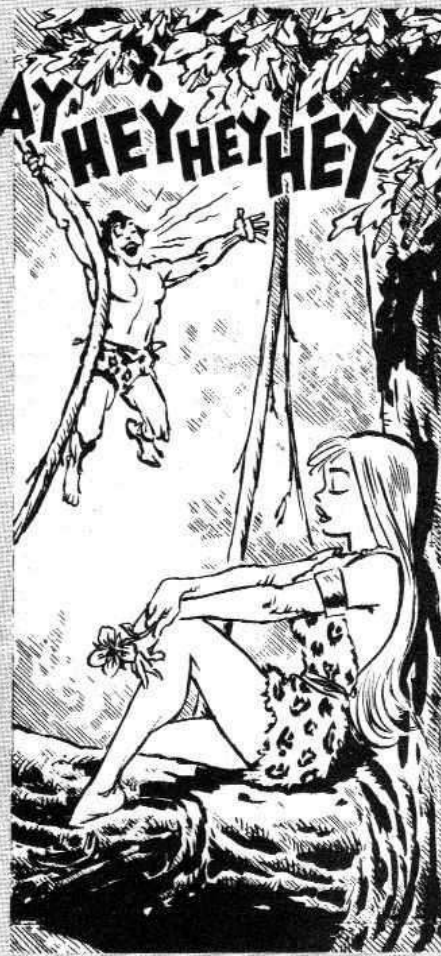
MARVIN



OF THE APES!

O.O. SEVERIN

TWO HOURS LATER, THE MATING CALL.



BOOM-DIDDY! BOOM-DIDDY! BOOM-DIDDY!

Marvin! Marvin!

This is no way to run a jungle!

Marvin! Marvin! Listen! The drums are beating! I wonder what they're saying!

BOOM-DIDDY! BOOM-DIDDY!

They're saying BOOM-DIDDY! BOOM-DIDDY! BOOM-DIDDY!

STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!

Maybe I should have lied!

By noon, the day is half over...

Me take refreshing swim in jungle lake to clean up from rashes me received!

Hmmm! Jungle warden put up sign!

Me beginning to think this not Marvin's day!

BWARE OF PIRANAH

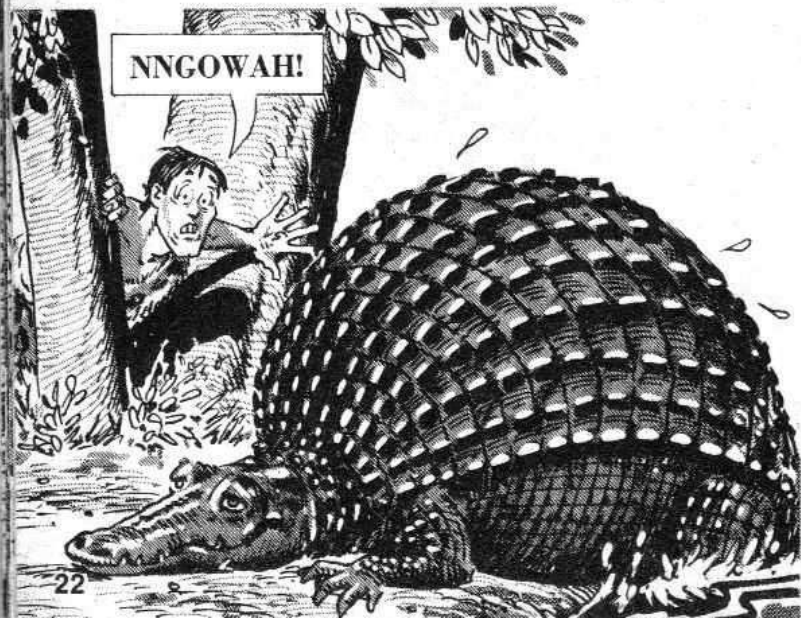
Jungle lake plenty dangerous . . .
Lord of jungle could get hurt!



Me should be brave like Bo-Bo, the
hippo . . . Him never scared!



NNGOWAH!



Lord of jungle
go home! Take
shower instead!



FILM-FLAMMERY SECTION:

Why do you always tie your victims to a rail?

Because I have a one-track mind!

But why pick on me?

I have my loco motive!

Oh, well! I've always wondered what it would be like to have a split personality!



The old-fashioned movies, with their heroes and heroines caught up in life-endangering situations, kept audiences on the edge of their seats. We believe that the movie makers of today could easily recapture the nickelodeon's quality of high suspense merely by updating the vintage predicaments above. As a sample of what we mean, we offer these...

MODERN CLIFF-HANGING SITUATIONS





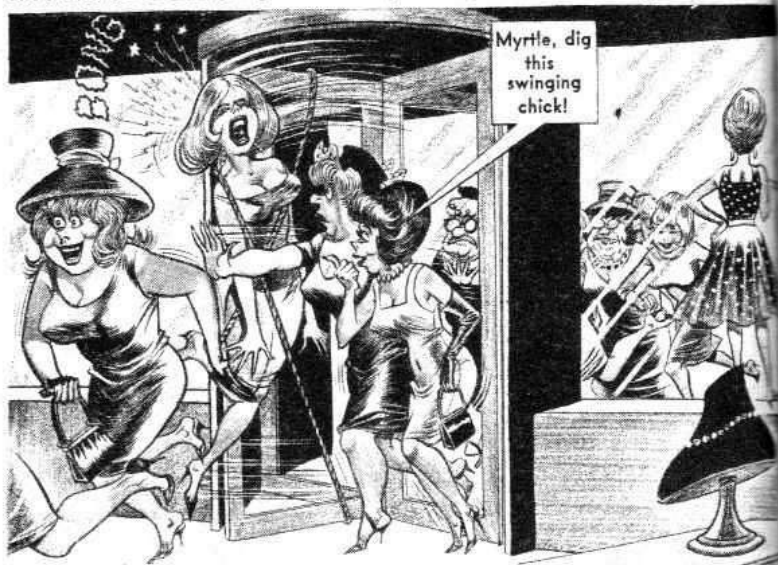
CLIFF-HANGING SITUATIONS FOR THE MODERN MOVIE HEROINE-



She's bound to a Central Park bench in broad daylight.



She's shackled to a revolving door at Macy's during the Christmas shopping season.



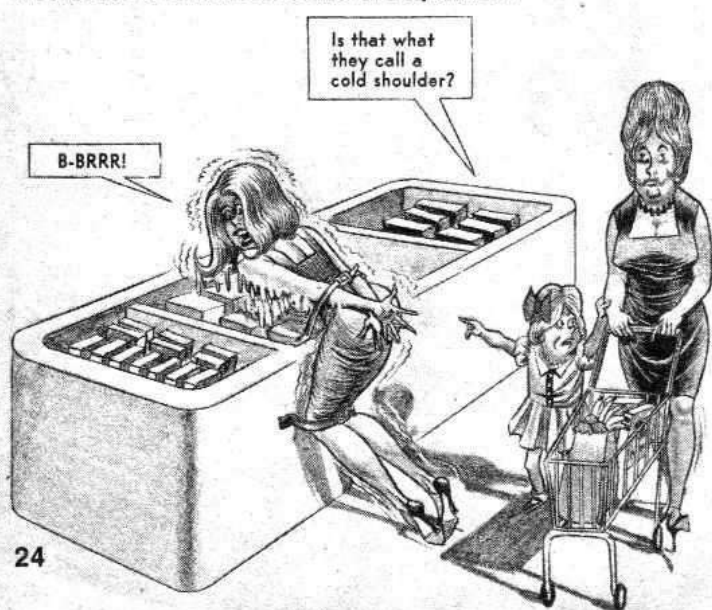
She's forced to puff on one lung cancer-producing cigarette after another.



She's strapped to the back of a car riding the smog-saturated Hollywood Free way.



She's secured to a frozen food counter of a supermarket.



She's trussed up in a crab grass infested lawn.





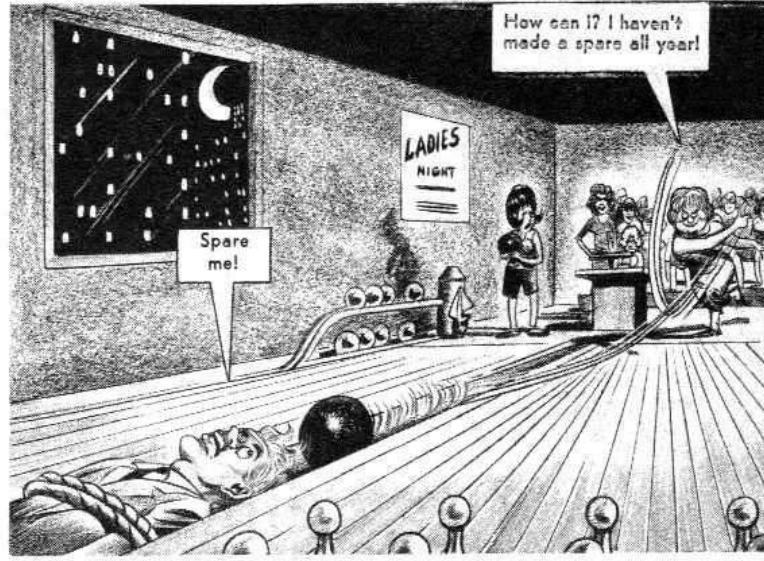
CLIFF-HANGING SITUATIONS FOR THE MODERN MOVIE HERO..



He's chained to a New York subway seat.



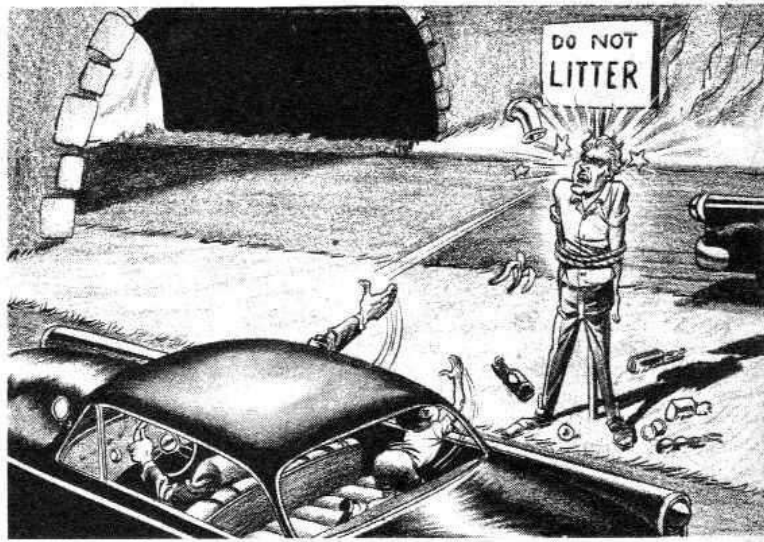
He's tied to a bowling alley gutter during ladies' night.



He's placed inside a dummy used for Cleveland Browns' scrimmages.



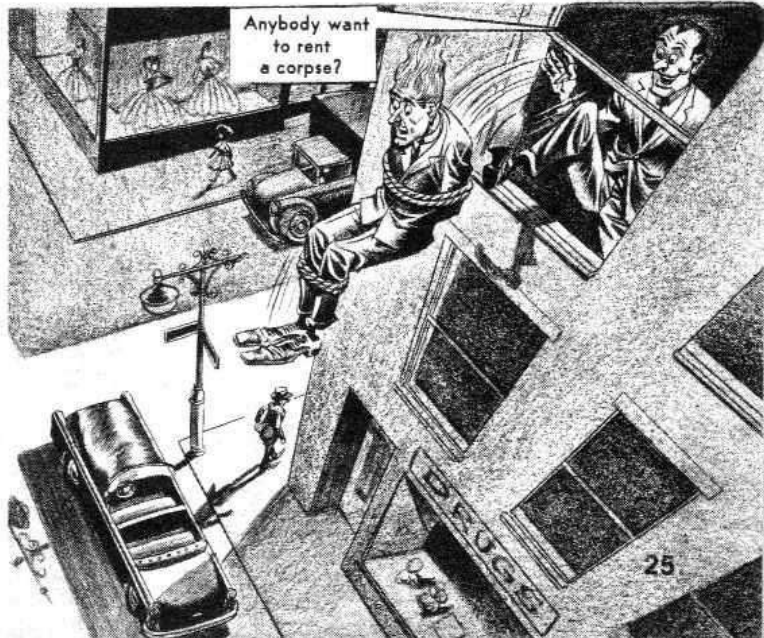
He's tied to a "Do Not Litter" sign on a highway.



He's disguised as a Beatle and left to the mercy of stampeding Beatle fans.



He's forced to do a Herz commercial.

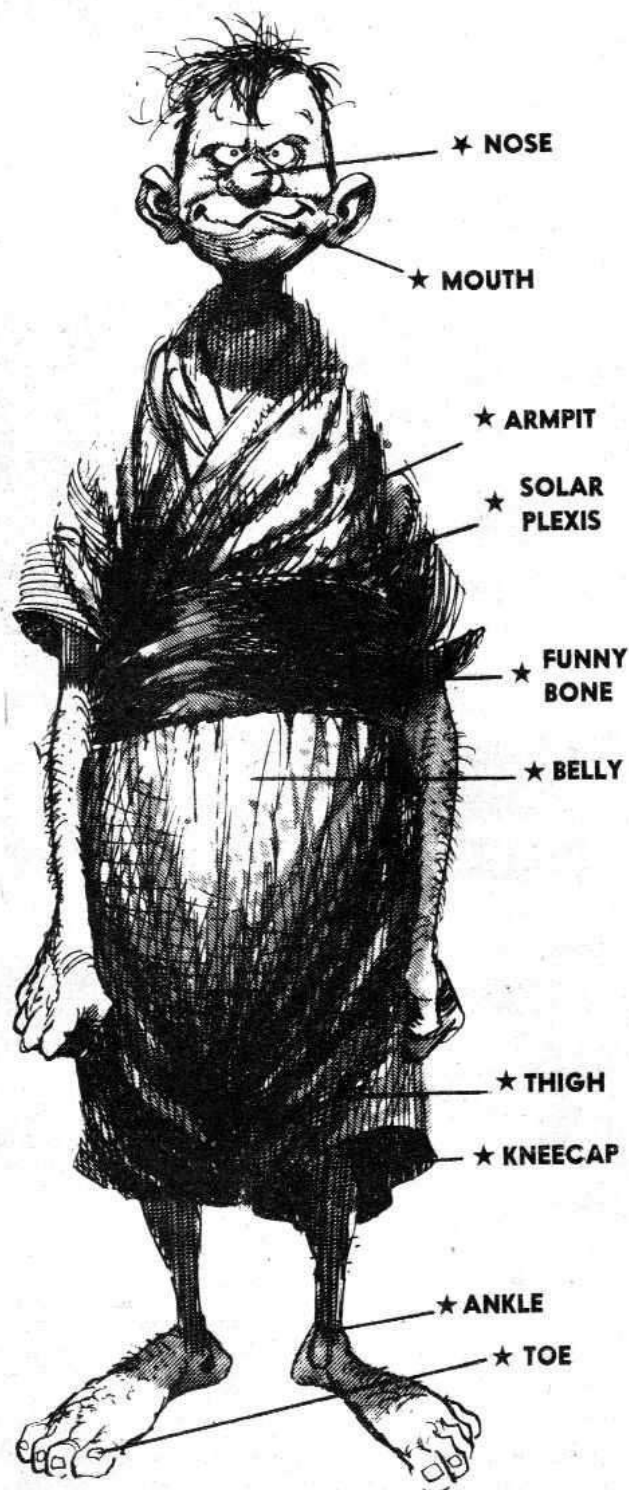


Since you're a reader of ours, we figure you often had to defend yourself from bodily harm. So like you should know how to fight back we have prepared this little article on the art of self-defense. The material used has been gathered

from our own experience, since like we here had to learn how to protect ourselves from being physically attacked — mainly because we put out articles like this one on . . .

JUDO

VULNERABLE SPOTS ON ANATOMY



THE NOSE (If he's as big as you)



Jab index finger at point directly under left nostril opening, slicing upward in sudden jerk.



This technique may run into messy complications if opponent happens to have a cold.



THE SOLAR PLEXUS (If he's bigger than you)



Thrust thumb bluntly into mid-section, taking careful aim to hit vital pressure point under bottom rib.



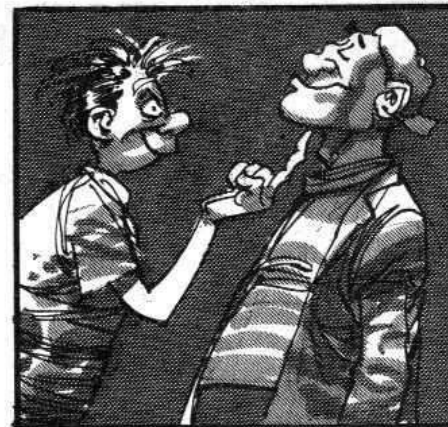
Inaccurate aim may cause thumb to stick in belly button, giving opponent chance to club you over head.



Stick fingers in opponent's eye. This causes temporary blindness and he won't see where to attack you.



Pinch opponent on the Adam's apple. This causes gurgling and he won't have the wind to attack you.



Tickle opponent under chin. This causes friendly chuckle and he won't even want to attack you.

CORRECT USE OF HAND GRIPS ARE VITALLY IMPORTANT WHEN APPLYING TO SENSITIVE AREAS ON THE BODY

THE NECK-TWISTING GRIP



A squeeze in appropriate area will make opponent gurgle.

THE RIB-CRUSHING HOLD



A tight fist grip in the appropriate area will make opponent gasp

THE ONE-FINGER JAB

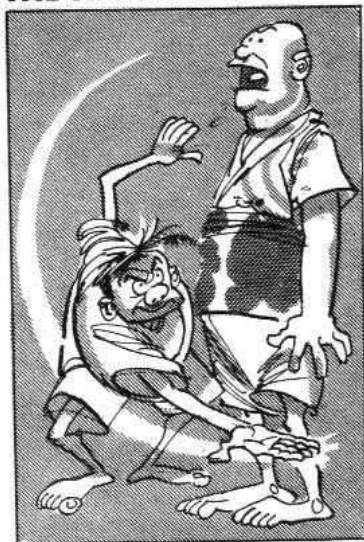


A thrust in the appropriate area will make opponent jump

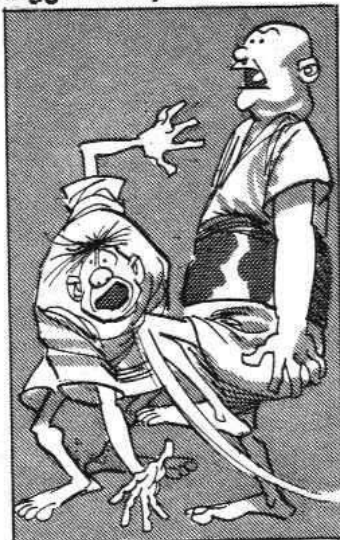
CHART OF DISABLING BLOWS

TYPE OF BLOW	AREAS AFFECTED	REACTIONS
HACK	ADAM'S APPLE	Excruciating Pain, Nausea, Face Turns Purple
JAB	SOLAR PLEXUS	Stoppage of Breathing, Funny Feeling in Pancreas
KIDNEY BLOW	KIDNEYS	Rupture, Hernia, Fidgety all over
RABBIT PUNCH	BACK OF HEAD	Red Face, Loosened Teeth, Followed by Headache
SCRAPE	EAR LOBE	Ticklish Sensation, Then Wax Falls From Ears
PINCH	EYEBALLS	Erotic Sensation, Then Cloudy Vision
SLAP	CHEEK	Opponent Slaps Back
THUMB JAB	END OF SPINE	Opponent Jumps Up
CLAP	HANDS	Opponent Takes Bow

THE KNEECAP (If he's much bigger than you)



Strike kneecap joint with full five-finger spread, hitting it with swift sharp blow curving slightly upwards.



If blow is not delivered in precise pressure area, knee may jump in reflex action and kick you in gasket.

THE ARMPIT (If you're in front of him)



Using pointed finger spread, hack away at center of armpit with short rapid stroke directly into crotch.



Should opponent happen to be ticklish, sudden jerk of arm may accidentally punch you in snout.

THE FUNNY BONE (If you're in back of him)

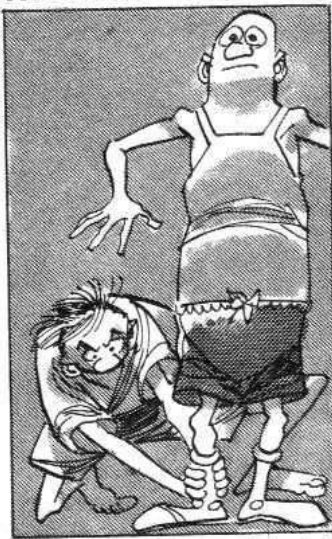


Punch bone at back of elbow with one quick, even shot, making sure jab is made in mid-part of joint.



Since this is funny bone, a sensitive opponent may start laughing, causing stomach to contract — and shorts to fall

THE ANKLE (If you're lying on floor)



Grab ankle bone firmly with clenched fist and twist from side to side in order to down opponent.



Take care that you twist ankle away from yourself, as opponent may topple over and crush you to death.

THERE ARE MANY OTHER LITTLE SIDE GIMMICKS THAT YOU CAN USE IN COMBATTING A BIGGER OPPONENT.

THE ARM HOLD



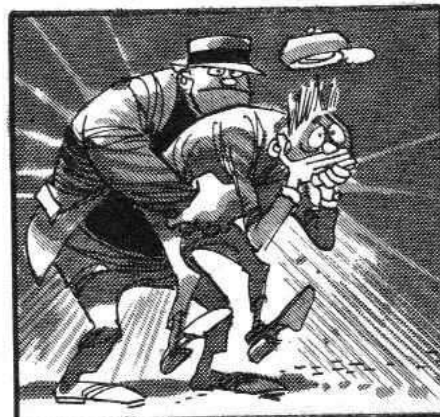
Grab arm at wrist and hack away at elbow. This will empty anything in opponent's hand.

THE LEG HOLD



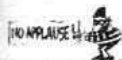
Grab leg at ankle and flip up over shoulder. This will empty anything in opponent's pockets.

THE BODY HOLD



Grab body at ribs and apply crushing pressure. This will empty anything in opponent's stomach.

Nowadays, mail order catalogs take all the hassles out of shopping. It's gotten so that even the nation's leading crime-fighters prefer to do their shopping with a...



MONTGOMERY WEIRDS

WHERE CAPED CRUSADERS SHOP FOR VALUE

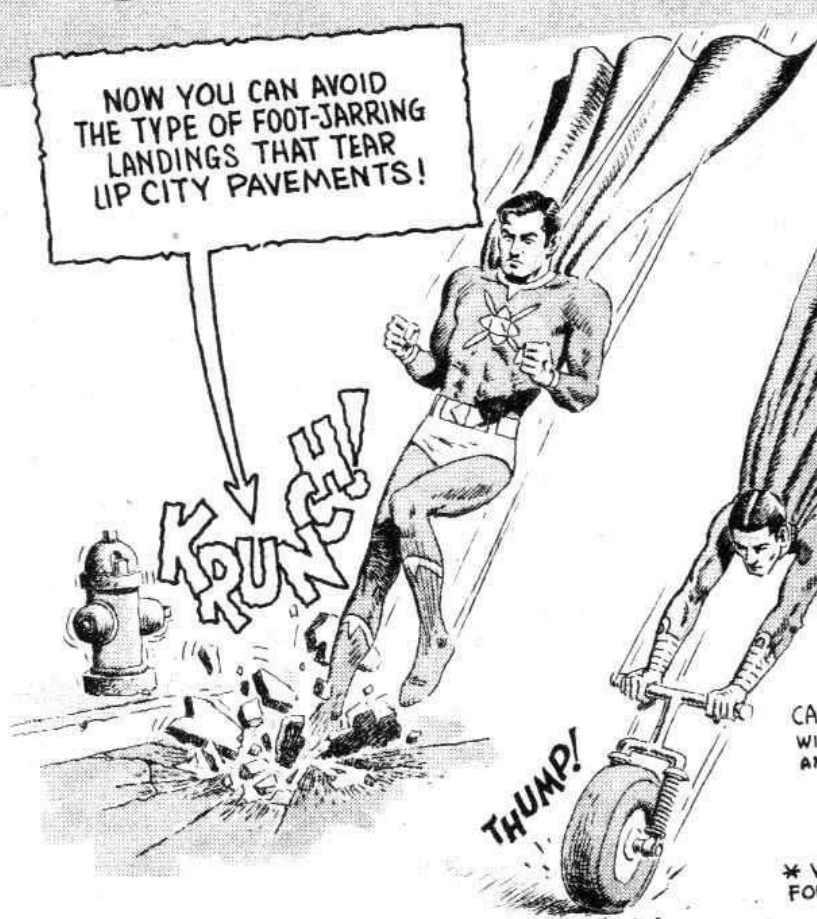
CATALOG FOR COSTUMED HEROES

NOW YOU CAN AVOID THE TYPE OF FOOT-JARRING LANDINGS THAT TEAR UP CITY PAVEMENTS!

SEE PAGE 1768

INTER GALACTIC MONOPOLY

10,000 PIECES



SMOOTH LANDINGS ARE GUARANTEED
WITH A
CAPED CRUSADER LANDING-WHEEL
ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR
NOVICE COSTUMED HEROES

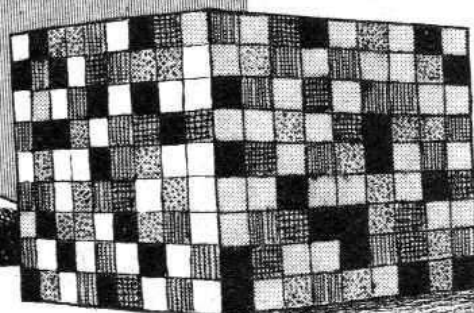
CAPED CRUSADER LANDING WHEEL A-798.....\$69.95
WITH HEAVY DUTY SHOCK ABSORBER
AND TWELVE MONTH WARRANTY

* WARRANTY NOT GOOD ON PLANETS WHERE THE
FORCE OF GRAVITY EXCEEDS THAT OF EARTH!!!

SUPER ★ RUBIC CUBE

JUST THE THING TO WHILE AWAY THE BORING HOURS BETWEEN MISSIONS.

A521...\$34.95

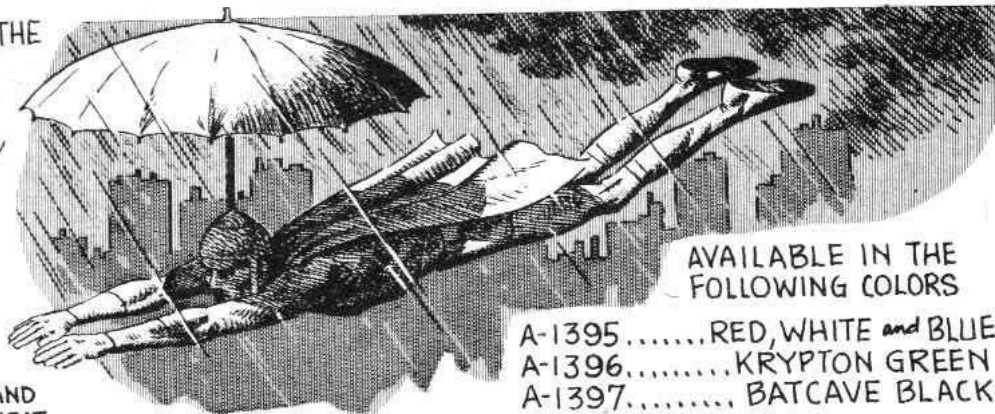


NOW YOU CAN MINIMIZE THE RISK OF PNEUMONIA AND HEAD COLDS WHILE FLYING IN INCLEMENT WEATHER WITH A STURDY

UMBRELLA ATTACHMENT

EACH \$27⁹⁹

FITS SNUGLY AROUND THE HEAD AND LEAVES THE HANDS FREE FOR COMBAT.



AVAILABLE IN THE FOLLOWING COLORS

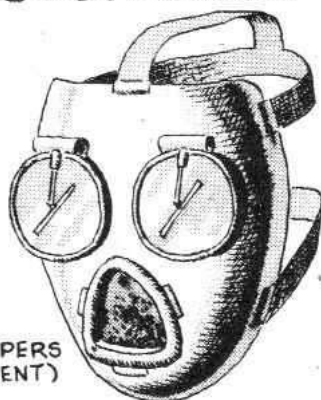
A-1395.....RED, WHITE and BLUE
A-1396.....KRYPTON GREEN
A-1397.....BATCAVE BLACK

FACE MASK FOR FLYING INTO DANGEROUS SMOGGY AREAS!

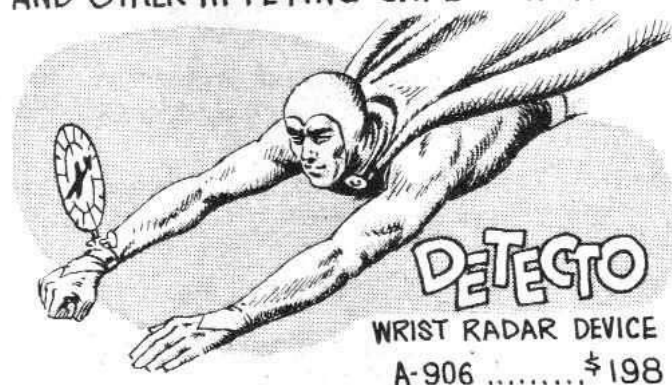
A-1792 MODEL
....\$225

A-1793 DELUXE MODEL
FOR FLYING IN EXTRA SMOGGY L.A. TYPE AREAS.
(INCLUDES WINDSHIELD WIPERS AND OXYGEN TANK ATTACHMENT)

....\$398



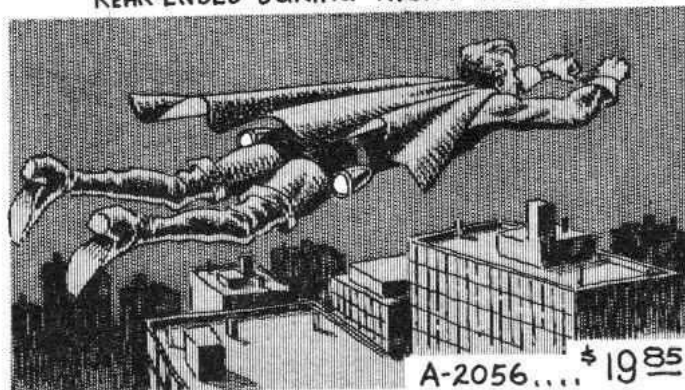
AVOID MID-AIR COLLISIONS WITH JETS AND OTHER HI-FLYING CAPED HEROES!



WRIST RADAR DEVICE
A-906\$198

HI-GLO TAIL LIGHT

ELIMINATES THE DANGER OF BEING REAR-ENDED DURING RISKY NIGHT FLIGHTS



A-2056....\$19⁸⁵

CAPED CRUSADER LIGHTNING ROD

FITS SNUGLY INTO YOUR UMBRELLA ATTACHMENT

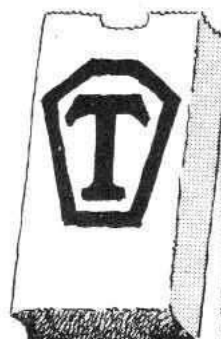
AVOID SHOCKING YOUR SYSTEM DURING A THUNDERSTORM.



A-2051....\$17⁴⁹

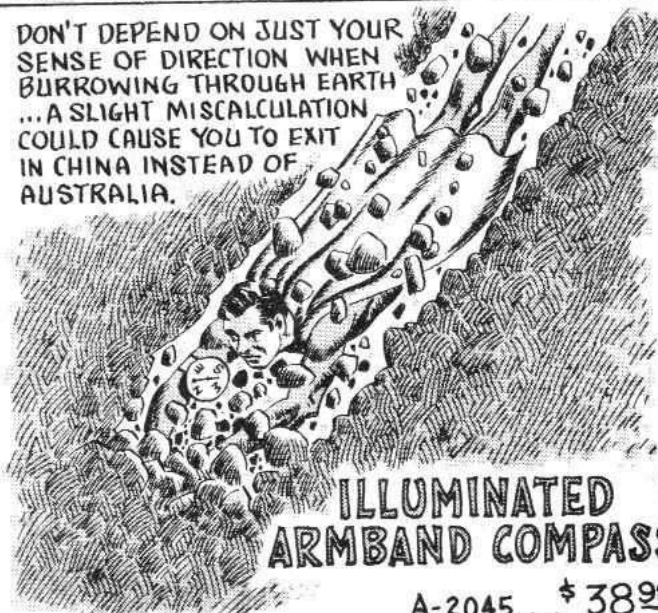
BARF BAGS A-48...\$4⁹⁸ PER DOZEN

A NECESSITY WHEN YOU TAKE UP A SENSITIVE FEMALE COMPANION FOR A RIDE.



YOUR CREST SMARTLY EMBLAZONED ON EACH BAG

DON'T DEPEND ON JUST YOUR SENSE OF DIRECTION WHEN BURROWING THROUGH EARTH...A SLIGHT MISCALCULATION COULD CAUSE YOU TO EXIT IN CHINA INSTEAD OF AUSTRALIA.



ILLUMINATED ARMBAND COMPASS

A-2045....\$38⁹⁸

WHEN FAST ACTION IS VITAL THERES NOTHING LIKE A FLIPO-ZIPO QUICK-CHANGE CIVILIAN SUIT
CUMBERSOME ORDINARY SUIT TAKES AN
AGONIZING 9.8 SECONDS TO DISCARD



ONE QUICK TUG OF THE ZIPPER AND A FLIPO-ZIPO
SUIT COMES UNDONE IN LESS THAN A SECOND



A-1852...\$350

SPECIFY SUIT SIZE

SECRET LINING CAPE



ALLOWS YOU TO
CARRY ALL THE
ITEMS NECESSARY
FOR AN EXTENDED
MISSION

CONTAINS SPECIAL COMPARTMENTS
FOR TOILETRIES, TWINKIES AND OF
COURSE COMIC BOOKS

A-2055....\$98.50

'I ACCEPT' CREDIT CARD PATCHES FIT RIGHT ON YOUR CAPE



GOOD DEEDS DON'T PAY
THE RENT. CREDITCARD
PATCHES LET POTENTIAL
CUSTOMERS KNOW YOUR
SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE
FOR A FEE.

A-605....\$149 PER PATCH

THE NEW UNIQUE RUNNING SHOE
THAT ALLOWS YOU TO HOT FOOT IT
ALONG AT A BRISK
1000 MPH



SPECIAL SUPER
VULCANIZED PROCESS
MAKES RUBBER STRONGER
THAN THE STRONGEST
STEEL

Blitz

RUNNING SHOES FOR
COSTUMED HEROES

A-2626...\$198 A PAIR

ARE YOU AWARE RICOCHETTING BULLETS
CAN BOUNCE OFF YOUR TOUGH CHEST AND
HIT INNOCENT BYSTANDERS?



... DON'T BE
THE CAUSE
OF AN
AVOIDABLE
ACCIDENT

MACHINE WASHABLE KRYPTO CAPED CRUSADER COSTUME



TREATED WITH **STIKO**
THE NEW MIRACLE ADHESIVE AGENT

SPECIFY LONG UNDERWEAR SIZE
AND DESIRED LENGTH OF CAPE A:573 TWO CAPE SUIT \$550.37

TH'END

All of a sudden Tarzan movies have become very popular, and all because Tarzan has decided to become a globe-trotter.

Movie producers found out that as long as Tarzan was stuck in Africa, they were stuck at the box office. So now we have movies like "Tarzan in Thailand," "Tarzan Goes to India" . . . At this rate it won't be long before . . .

TARZAN GOES AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 PICTURES



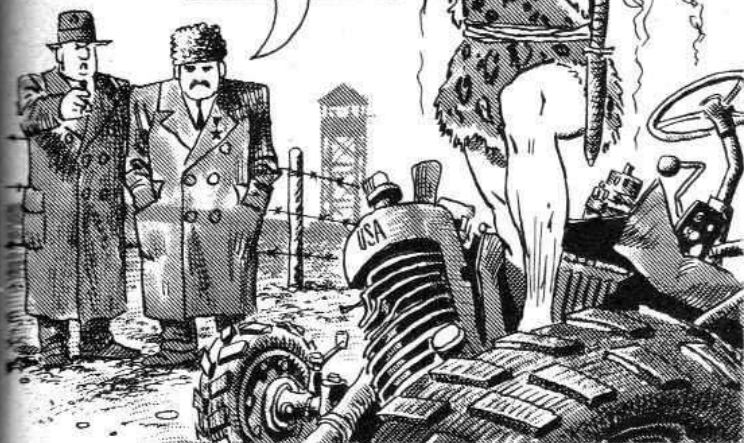
CRACKED predicts you'll soon be seeing movies like the following. (**CRACKED** also predicts that once Tarzan has been around the world, Tarzan will never be the same again and neither will the world.)

TARZAN GOES TO RUSSIA

Commissar, we make big mistake sending Tarzan to work on collective farm!

Da, that's the third tractor he's killed this week.

HOO-HAAAA!



TARZAN GOES TO SPAIN

Spanish bulls are no match for Tarzan!

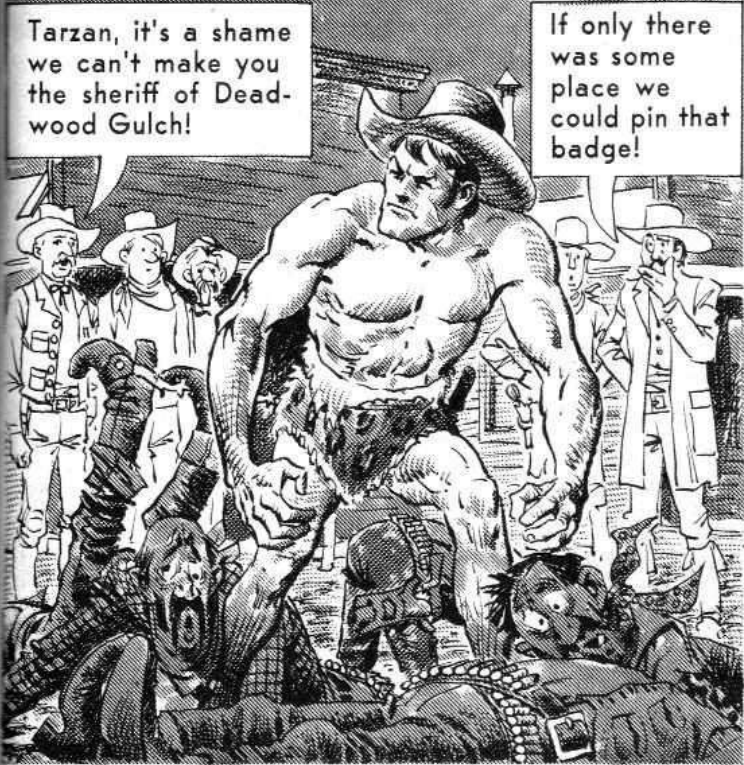
Ah, but Spanish señoritas will make monkey out of apeman!



TARZAN GOES WEST

Tarzan, it's a shame we can't make you the sheriff of Dead-wood Gulch!

If only there was some place we could pin that badge!



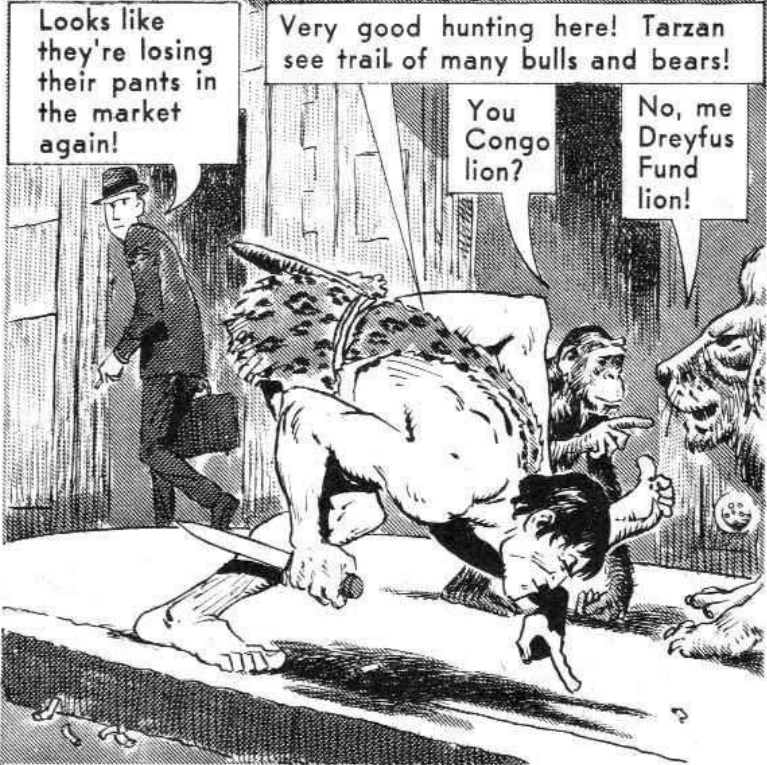
TARZAN GOES TO WALL ST.

Looks like they're losing their pants in the market again!

Very good hunting here! Tarzan see trail of many bulls and bears!

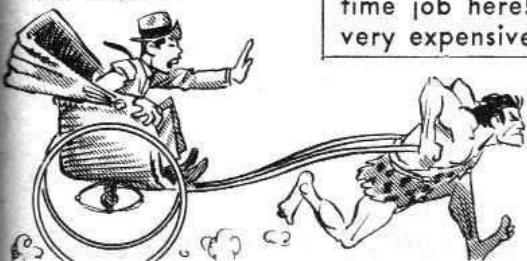
You Congo lion?

No, me Dreyfus Fund lion!



TARZAN GOES TO JAPAN

Tarzan forced to take part-time job here! . . . Bananas very expensive in Tokyo!



TARZAN GOES TO THE RIVIERA

Tarzan feel at home on Riviera. . . . All girls dress jungle style!



WHEN THE APEMAN

RUNS OUT OF

COUNTRIES TO VISIT,

CAGEY PRODUCERS

WILL SWITCH FROM

SCENERY CHANGES

FOR TARZAN TO

PSYCHOLOGICAL

CHANGES

FOR TARZAN...

TARZAN GOES HENPECKED

A very funny thing happened to me on my way to the jungle!

A very unfunny thing is going to happen to you if you don't fix our leaky thatched roof.



TARZANSTEIN

Now I can pay my huge electric bill with the money I save on the monster's clothes.

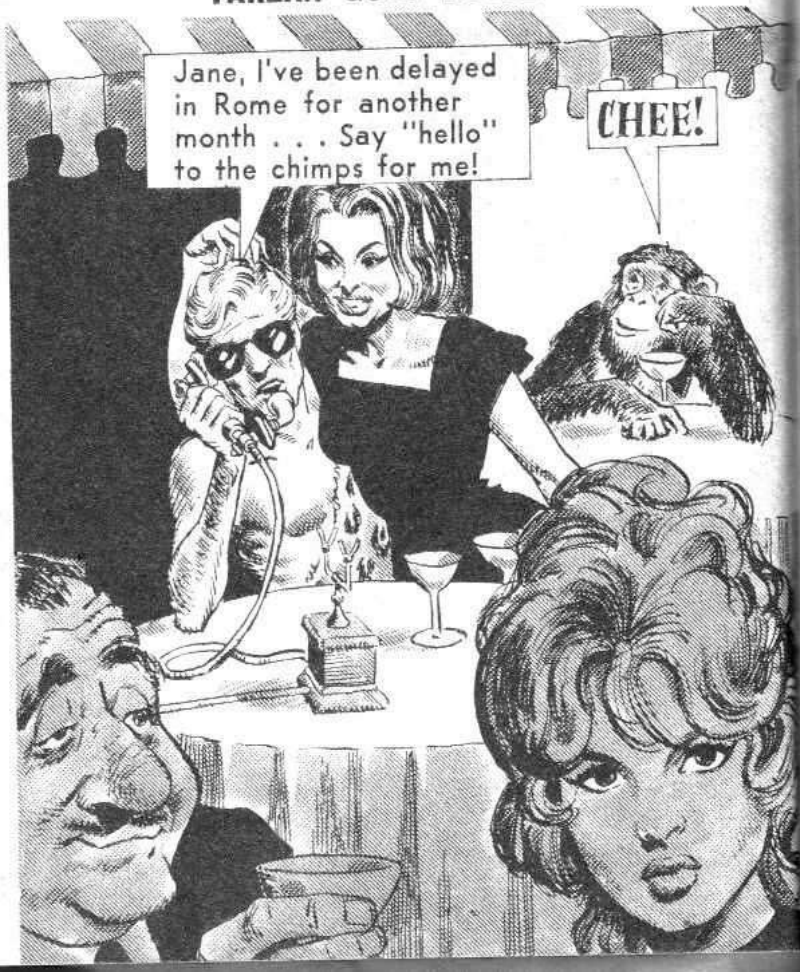
NN'GOWA!



TARZAN GOES DOLCE VITA

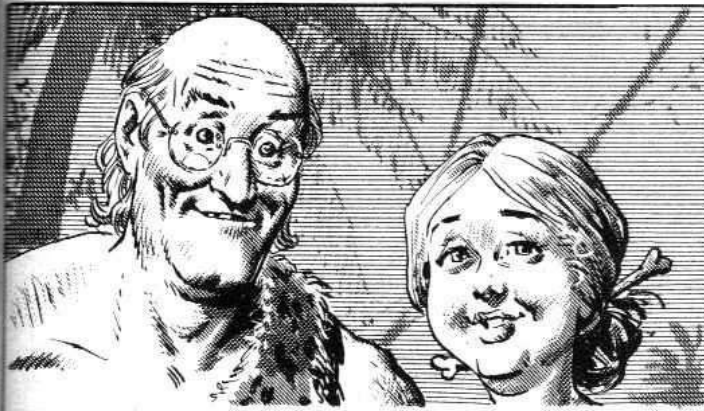
Jane, I've been delayed in Rome for another month . . . Say "hello" to the chimps for me!

CHEE!



WITH TARZAN'S NEW POPULARITY ASSURED, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE MADISON AVENUE GOES

APE OVER APE MAN ADS



HOW WE RETIRED AT THE AGE OF 65 WITH 300 BANANAS A MONTH

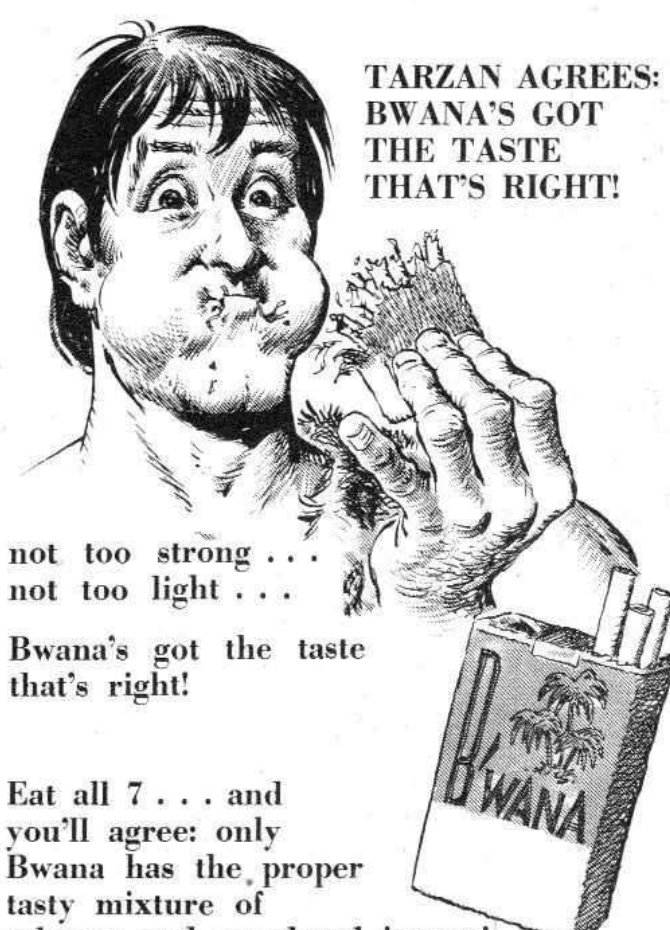
"Inflation had reduced our insurance retirement income to a mere pittance. But the friendly people at Vine-X Mutual pointed out that our money still had enough value to buy us 2 one-way tickets to darkest Africa.

"...And now we've got it made, providing Dr. Schweitzer brings us our elephantiasis serum on time."

The same friendly advice awaits you at any of our friendly offices.

VINE-X MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan
Guarantees our Future



TARZAN AGREES:
BWANA'S GOT
THE TASTE
THAT'S RIGHT!

not too strong ...
not too light ...

Bwana's got the taste
that's right!

Eat all 7 ... and
you'll agree: only
Bwana has the proper
tasty mixture of
tobacco and powdered insects!

WHEN DISASTER STRIKES -- WILL YOUR "JANE" BE PROTECTED?



Whether you live in an asphalt jungle, black-board jungle, or jungle jungle, the unexpected can and usually does happen.

Under our special "Tarzan Insurance Plan" we do not send your widow money. No! We send her another assertive, protective "Tarzan" to take your place. After all, what good is money

to a helpless widow in these uncertain times. What's more we make every effort to match up her new Tarzan with the old one.

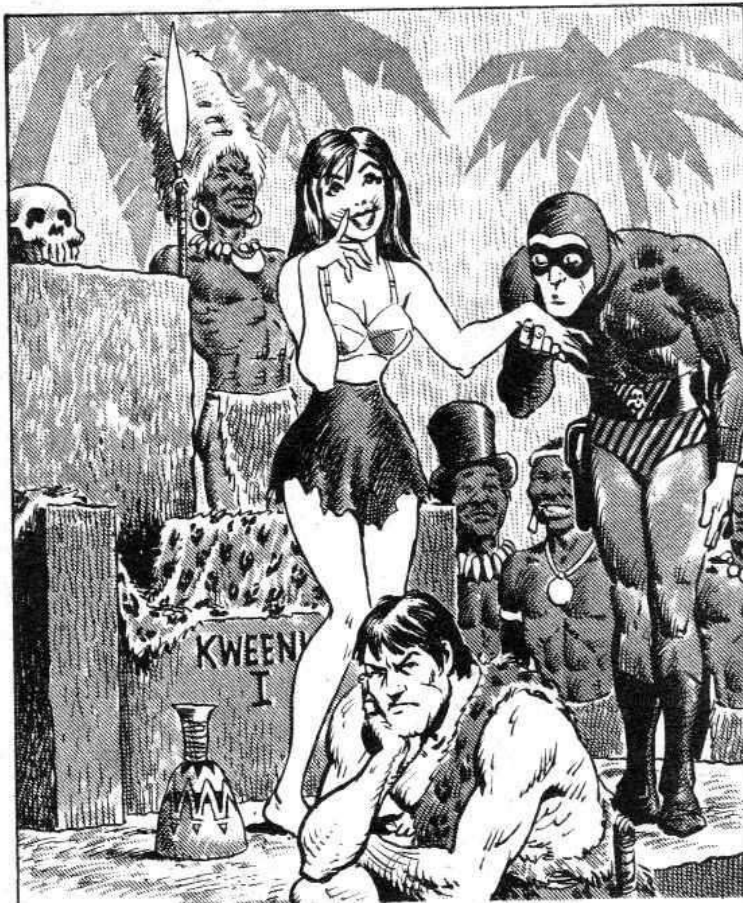
Our fantastic record speaks for itself—we have just sent the original Jane her 13th Hollywood Tarzan.

THE SAFARI INSURANCE COMPANIES



TARZAN GIVES A SWINGING PARTY

And serves 88, the traditionally wild Scotch you'll recommend after tomorrow's hangover. Tarzan knows what pleases jungle friends. It's the rare combination of a fiery flavor and a rock'em, sock'em kick that makes Vat 88 the number 1 jungle juice.



I Dreamed I Was Queen Of The Jungle In My Nativeform Bra

Guaranteed to make the natives restless tonight or any night.

If you can walk (on your hands and feet)
you can dance the Tarzan strut.



ARTHUR MAU MAURRY DANCE SCHOOL



Simple chart showing
handy dance steps



All our schools feature
authentic native instruc-
tors and savage bill col-
lectors

Tarzan can also be expected to switch
from the jungle trail to the
commercial trail with these

TARZAN INDORSED PRODUCTS

**Authentic Tarzan and Jane
costumes for the kids**

Ouch! That's not
the way they play
Tarzan in the
movies!

That's the
way Mommy
and Daddy
play Tarzan



**AUTHENTIC
TARZAN DOLL**

... wind it up and it
lords it over the jungle

**AUTHENTIC
JANE DOLL**

... wind it up and it
lords it over Tarzan



**MUSIC TO PLAY
TARZAN BY**

GO APE
THE MOO-HAAA SONG
NH'GOWA BABY
DUM-DUM BOOGIE
THE WAH-BASH CANNIBAL
LORD GREYSTOKE, I PRESUME
MY CLINGIN' VINE!
TREE TOP LOVER

ANOTHER
SWING
TIME
ALBUM

**WE FEATURE
AUTHENTIC
TARZAN
FRUIT**



**MULTIPURPOSE
AUTHENTIC TARZAN VINES**

TARZAN VINE 89c

A swinging toy for
swinging kiddies

... use it to skip rope
while skipping your home-
work



... use it to get rid of
obnoxious truant officers



**AUTHENTIC HIS AND HERS
TARZAN TOWELS**

... use it to play 'Tarzan'
in the backyard



WILDIE WILD LIFE SECTION:

"I sure hope they send us more Peace Corps workers. They're delicious!"

"Now we'll have to invite them over to our house for dinner!"

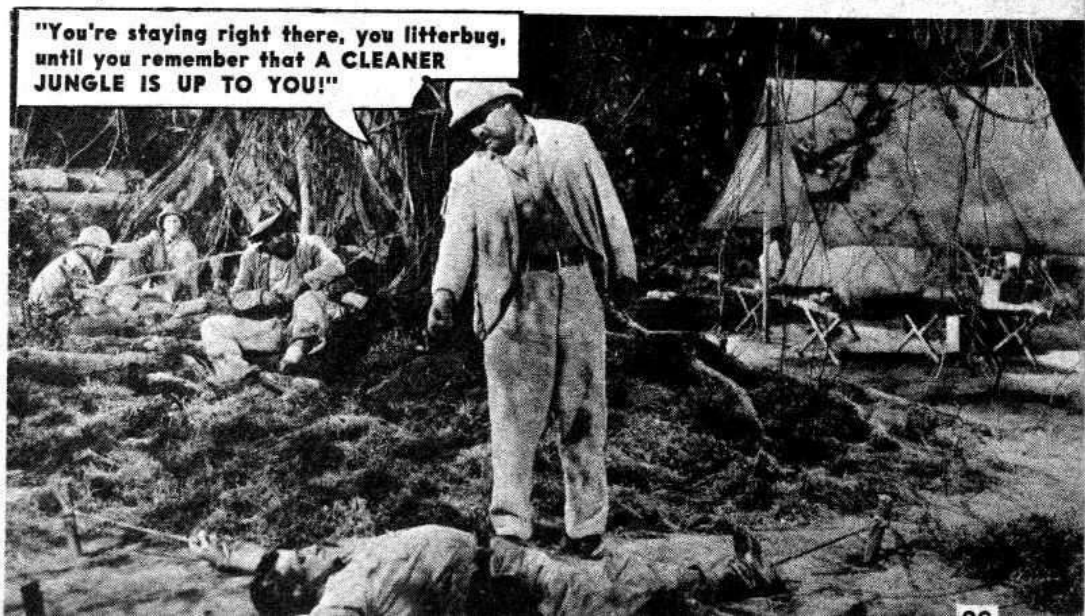
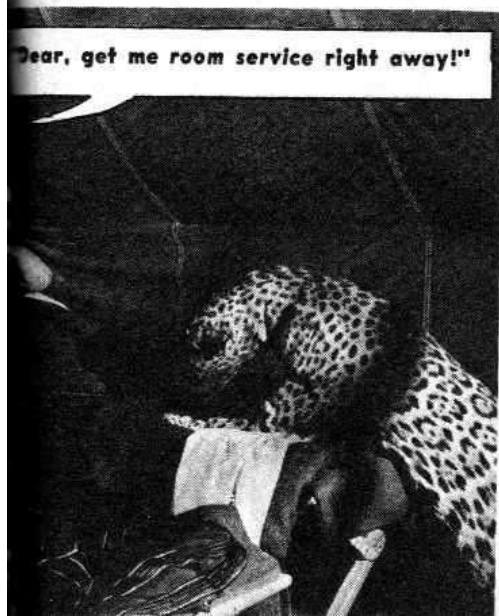
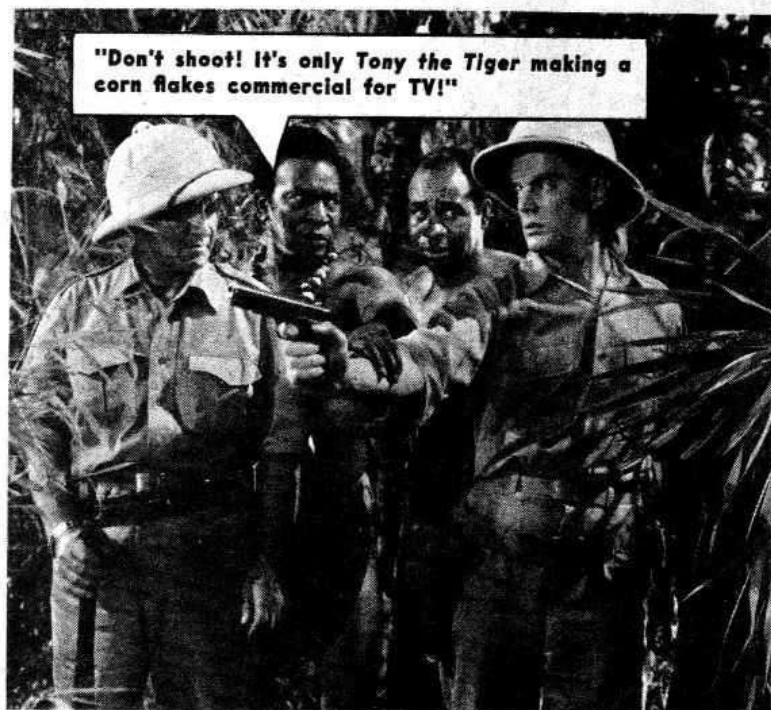
JUNGLE GEMS

For our money, the greatest motion pictures ever made were those swinging epics about Darkest Africa such as "Tarzan", "Jungle Jim" and "Tim Tyler Meets A Mess Of Mighty Midgets." CRACKED now takes you back to the days of savage beasts, cannibals and all that thrilling jazz.

"Ooops! I think Tarzan's putting on too much weight. That's the third vine he's broken today!"

"Nurse, have you given him penicillin?"

"Yes, but nothing works. I've tried everything, even chicken soup!"



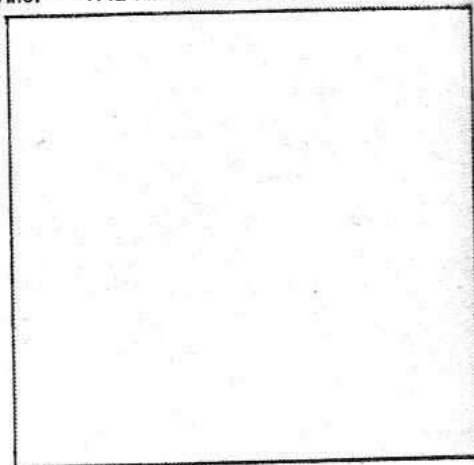
In keeping with our policy of letting you readers write and draw part of this magazine, **CRACKED** now gives you the start of several thrilling stories, and lets you . . .



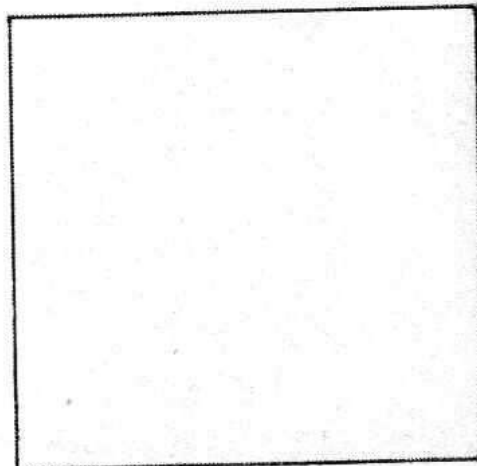
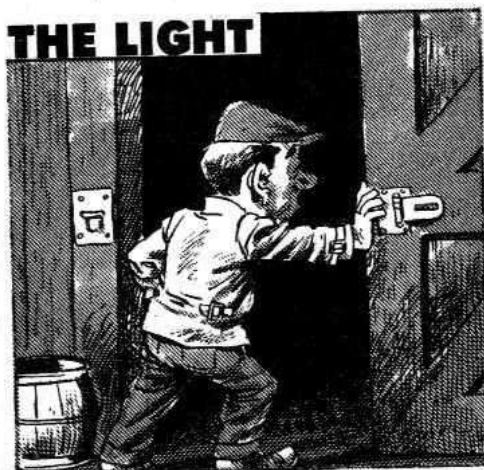
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSION

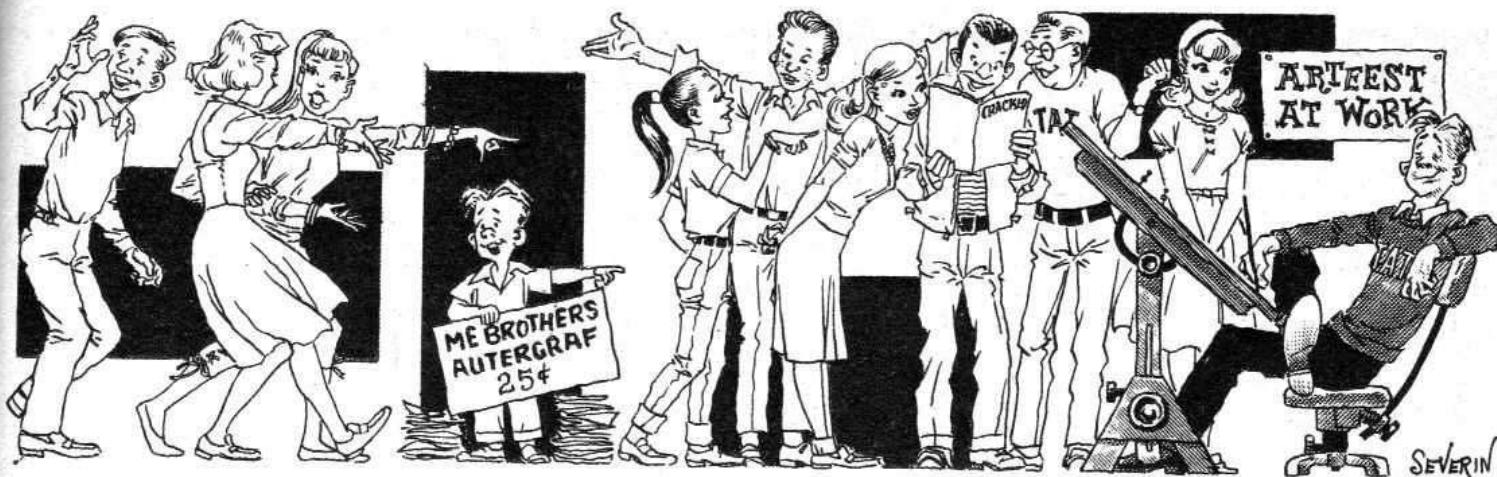
"To err is human; to forgive divine!" —THE NEW YORK METS

THE SKIER

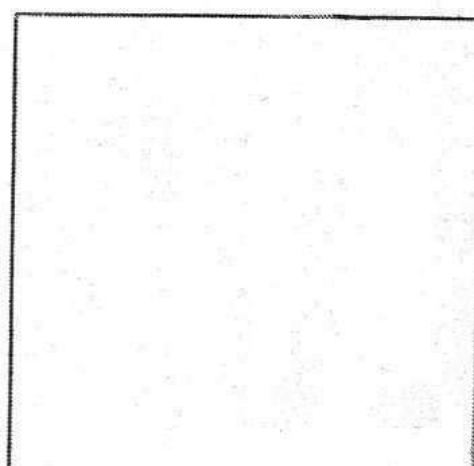
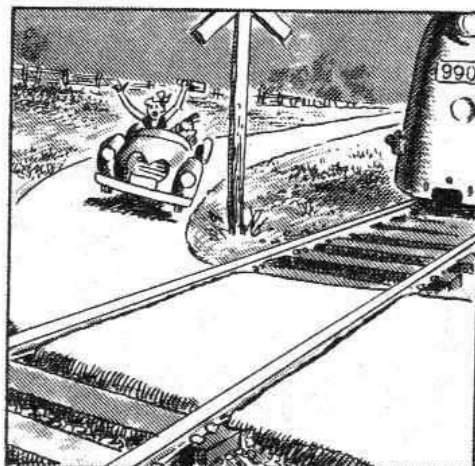


THE LIGHT

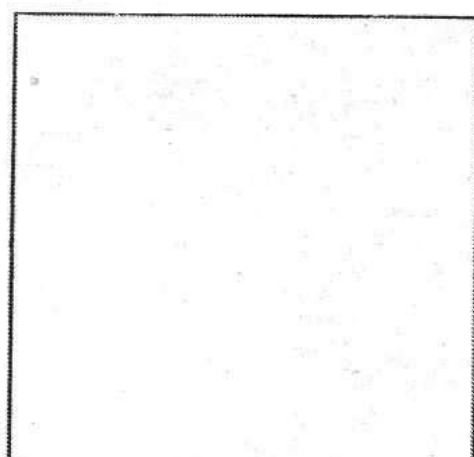
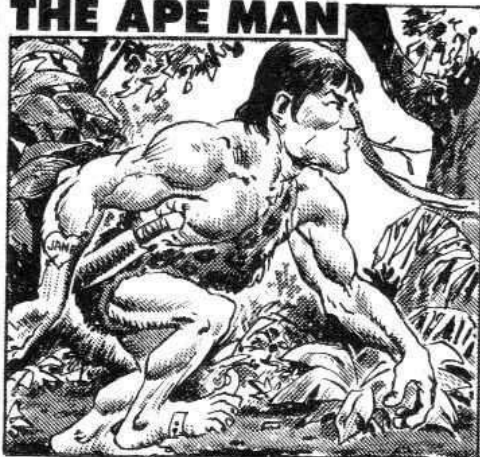




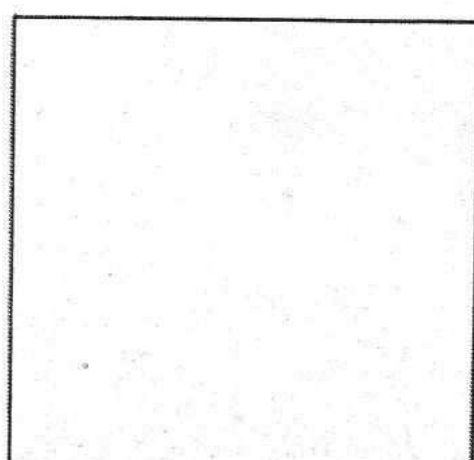
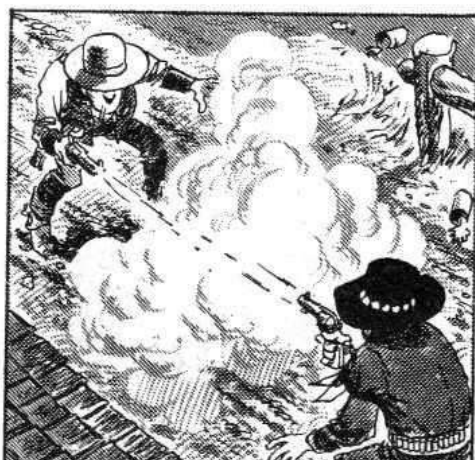
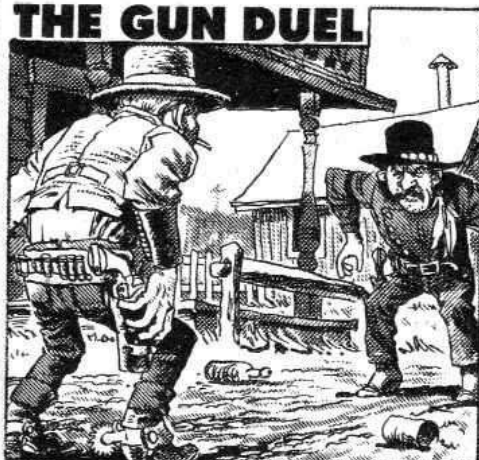
THE RACE



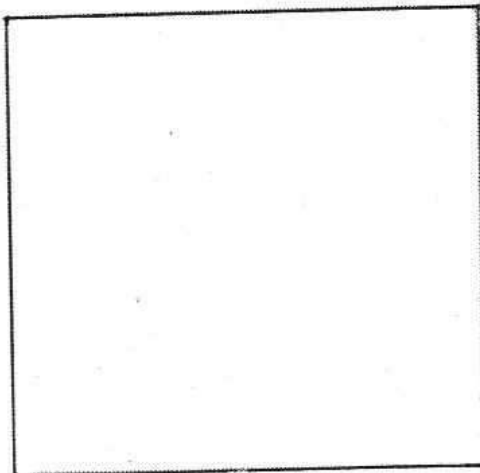
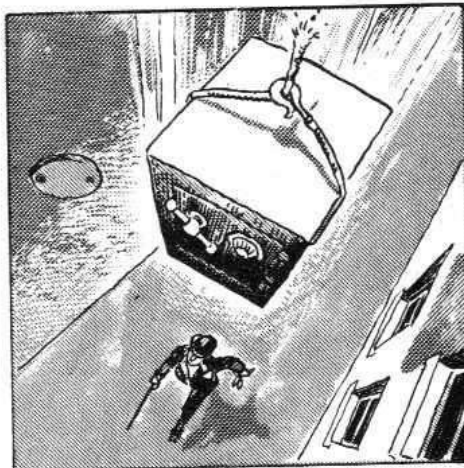
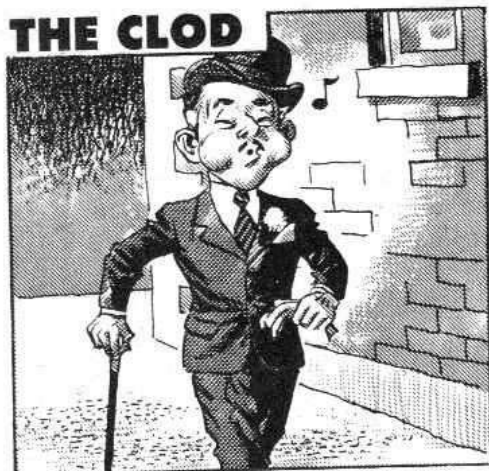
THE APE MAN



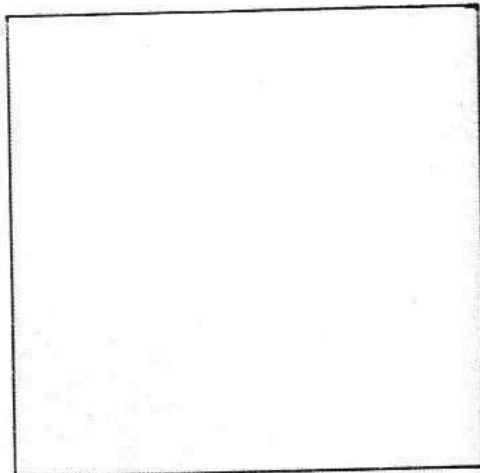
THE GUN DUEL



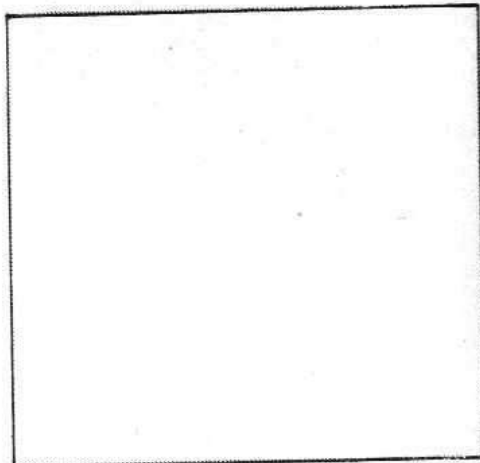
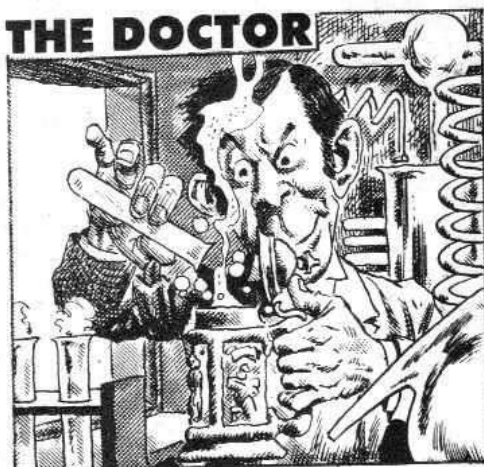
THE CLOD



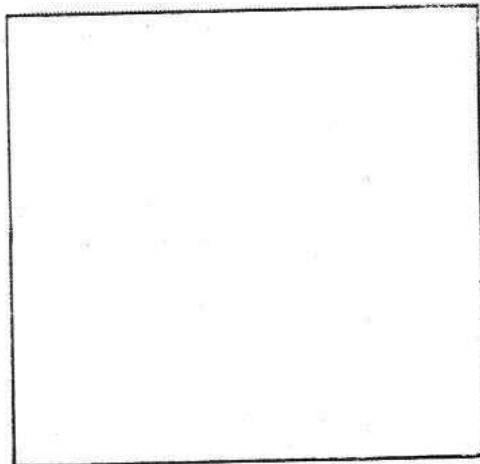
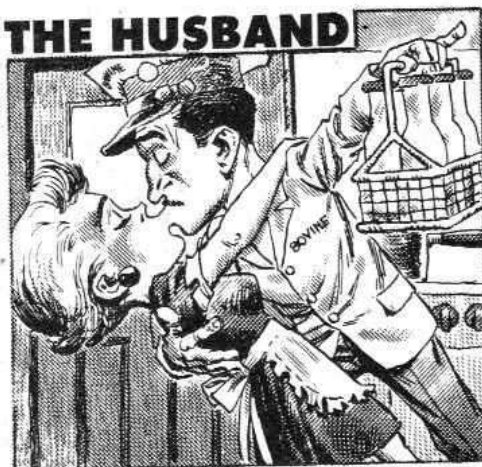
STRANGER



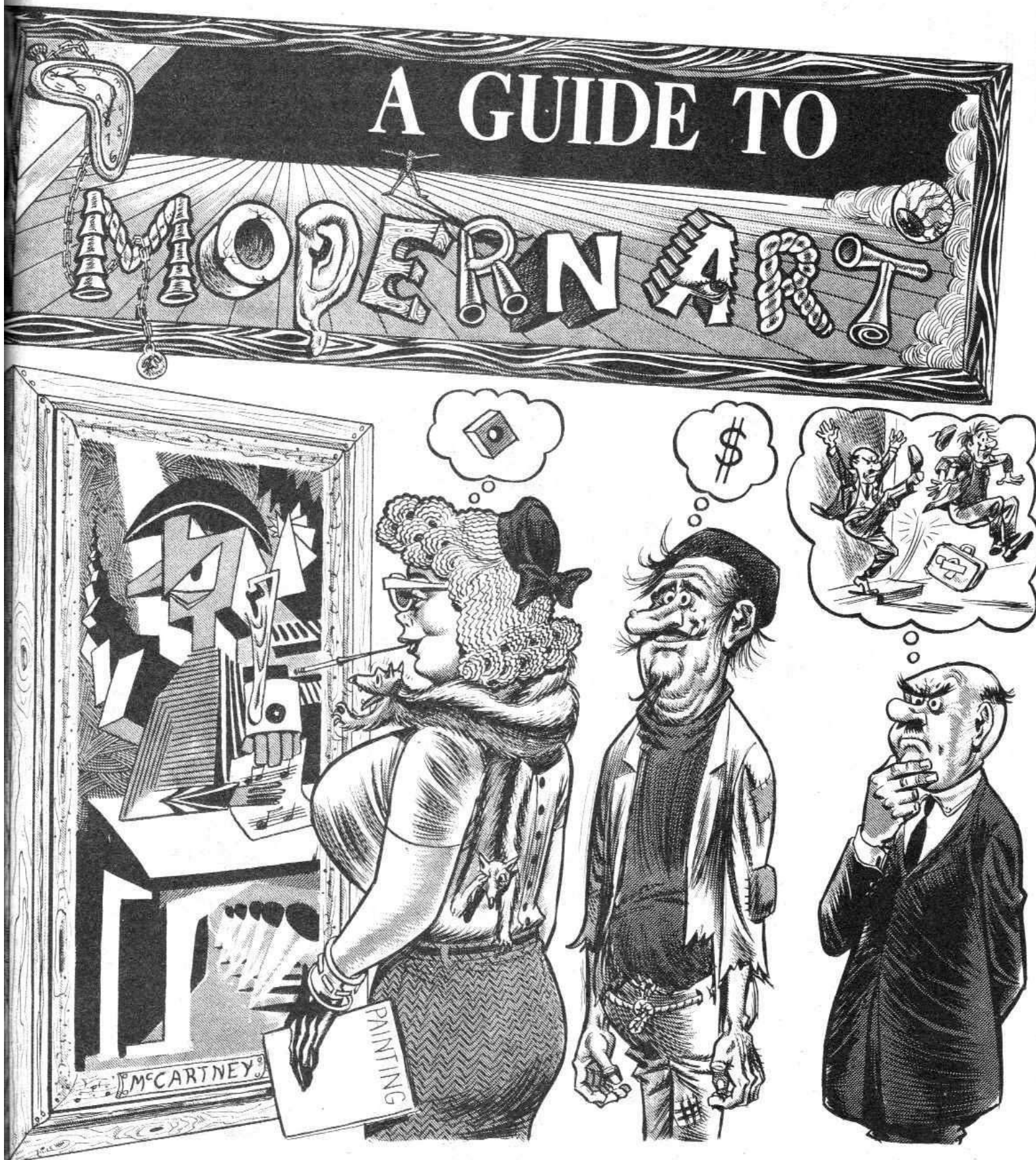
THE DOCTOR



THE HUSBAND



One of the biggest art booms in the history of this country is now in progress. . . . Every week a new museum opens its doors. . . . Pass an empty store and the next day it's an art gallery. . . . Art is on the move especially modern art. CRACKED offers this article as a public service to help its readers understand the different styles in the world of painting. . . . No more will you have to say, "WHAT IS IT?" Now you'll shout, "IT'S FOR THE BIRDS!"

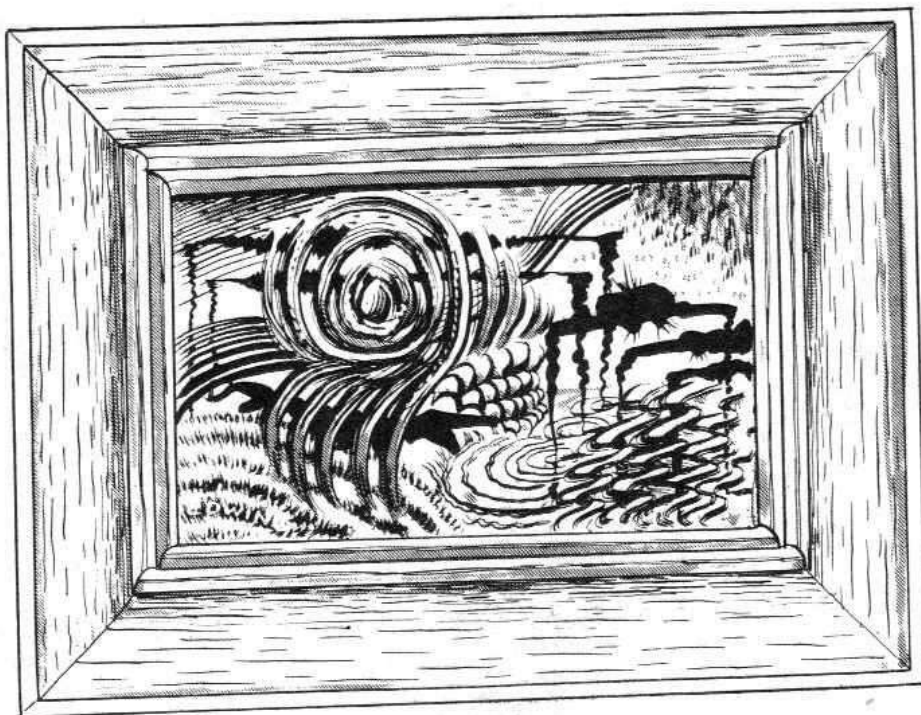


This is a painting . . .

This is a rich patron of the arts
admiring the painting . . .

This is the artist who
painted the picture. He
is admiring the rich
woman . . .

This is the artist's landlord.
He is looking at the artist be-
cause he owes six months
back rent . . .



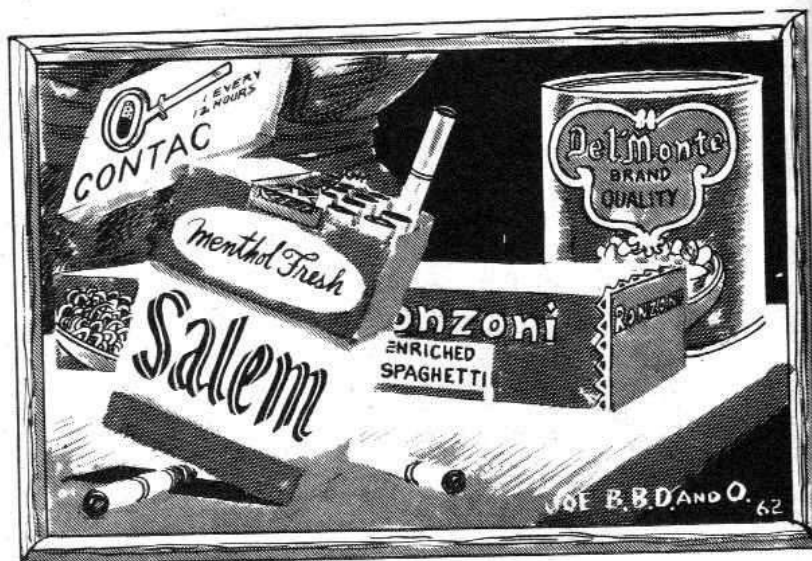
ABSTRACT ART . . .

Is the means where the painter expresses a quality that is thought of apart from any particular object or real thing . . . it's like when the artist looks at a bowl of apples, he doesn't paint the true shape or colors of the apples or bowl. Instead he paints the feelings of the apples and bowl, the hopes and dreams of the guys who picked the crummy apples in the first place. Also the artist paints this way because he has poor eyesight and really can't draw too well to begin with.



POP-ART . . .

Billboard art taken indoors. Here the artist tries to paint every day household articles as accurately as possible. 7 Up bottles, packs of cigarettes, credit cards, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee pizza pies, hockey pucks. The reason it is called "Pop-Art" is because when most folks first see it, they want to pop the artist right in the mouth.



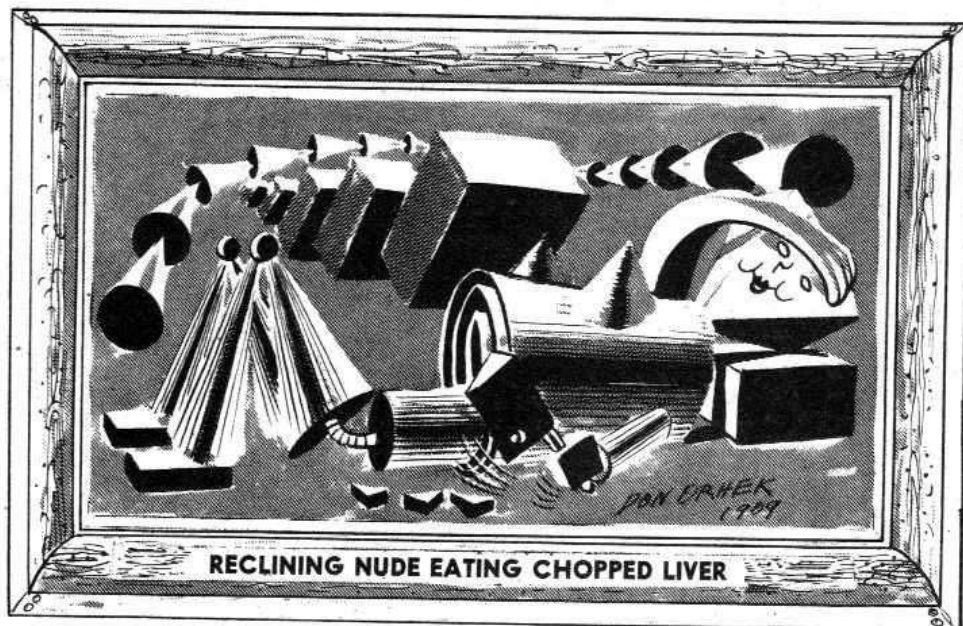
PRIMITIVE ART . . .

A child like technique, meticulous details and bold colors. Usually outlined in heavy black. Some art critics claim the frames are often much better made than the paintings . . . Elderly persons turn out this type of art. The most famous was Grandma Moses who started painting when she was in her 70's. Another was Grandpa Fink who began painting at the age of 102. A week later he fell over his easel and broke both arms.



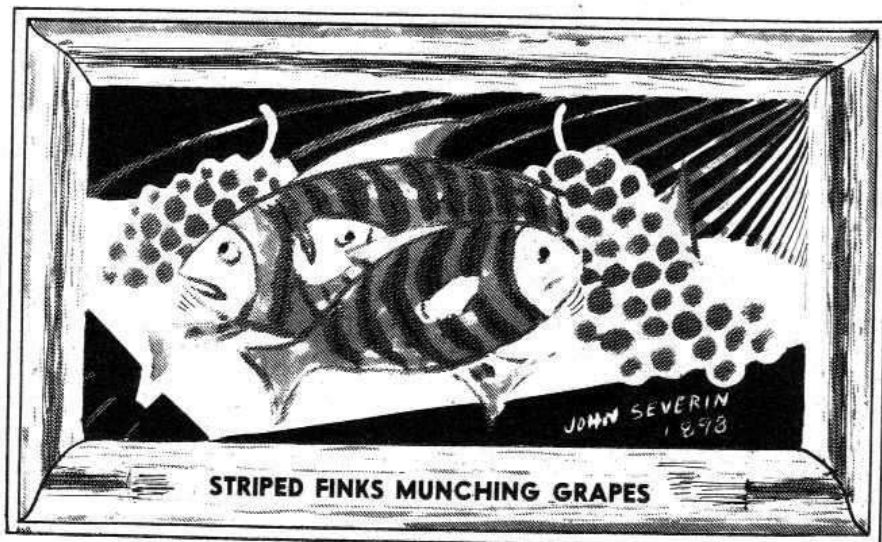
CUBISTIC ART . . .

The style of art where all the objects in the painting are shaped like balls, cubes and other geometrical designs. Two of the founders of this school were Pablo Picasso and Ratlow Beamish. Mr. Beamish suffered a tragic death in the year 1924. While walking along the Rue De Sink, he was hit on the head by a falling drunk, a bartender had just tossed out of the Chez La Bardot Cafe. Mr. Beamish died on the way to the hospital yelling "VIVA LA FROG LEGS AVEC TUMS!"



SURREALISM . . .

A modern day movement in painting that tries to show what takes place in the subconscious mind . . . A great master of this type of art is Salvador Dali (1904-) Dali's paintings are famous for their floating heads, melting watches, dead fish . . . Many of these paintings are always titled with weird captions like, "I SEE UNCLE FRANK DANCING ON TOP OF A GREEN ELEPHANT WITH A PING PONG PADDLE IN HIS RIGHT HAND, A WET FOOTBALL SHOE IN HIS LEFT. POOR LANA, POOR LIZ."



IMPRESSIONISM . . .

Method of painting that gives general impressions without much attention to details . . . The artist tries to capture the inner feelings of a grape, instead of a grape's true shape or color. A lot of these artists in the past have gone insane and you would too if you sat around the house for hours waiting for a grape to say something funny.



THE REACTIONS OF DIFFERENT PERSONS TO ART

THE QUESTION

HIGHBROW'S ANSWER

LOWBROW'S ANSWER

SYLVESTER'S ANSWER



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF PICASSO?

A great inventive genius. The master of the paintbrush and palette!

He paints crazy looking people. Three eyes, four heads and stuff like that. He's a good drawer though!

I like picasso ice cream!

ABOUT HOW MANY TIMES A WEEK DO YOU VISIT AN ART GALLERY OR MUSEUM?

Four or five times a week. It stimulates the mind to view new and old works of art.

I try to go to one every Saturday. Gets me away from my old lady!

Only when it rains — I come inside so I won't get wet!

WHICH SCHOOL OF PAINTING DO YOU LIKE BEST?

Cubism. That's the method where objects are represented by cubes and other geometrical figures. Brilliant!

PS 47 had a pretty good class in drawing years ago!

MICKEY MOUSE, POPEYE and MUTT AND JEFF are the ones I like!

In which direction do you think today's art will turn?

In my judgement art will next swing in the direction of neo-expression with a slight touch of non-objective and gadget abstract.

I hope they put more girls in the pictures!

Maybe they will put BIGGER BALLOONS in the COMIC STRIPS!

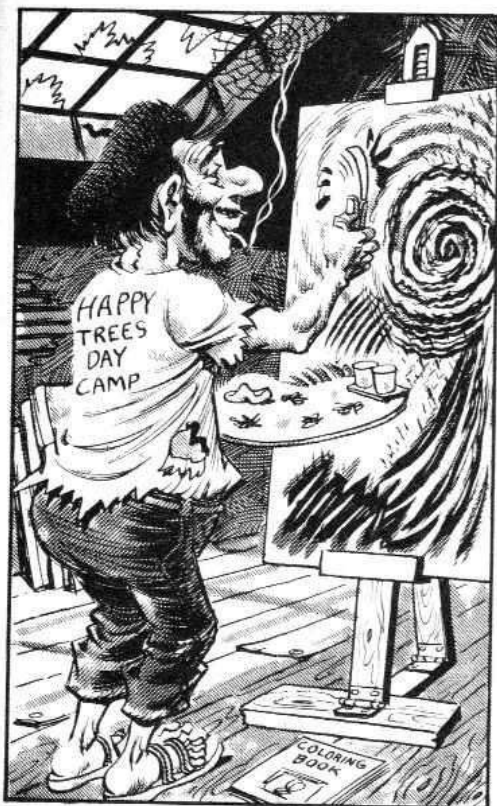
How many paintings do you own?

A Picasso, two Van Gogh's and a Paul Gauguin!

I got an original drawing by that guy who draws TERRY AND THE PIRATES! •

I have a picture of a cow jumping over the moon and one of three little pigs in a house!

TECHNIQUES IN OIL PAINTING . . .



Some artists use a palette knife when painting. They feel it gives a quality of texture to their work . . .



Others spread the canvas on the floor and pour the paint on in bold patterns . . .

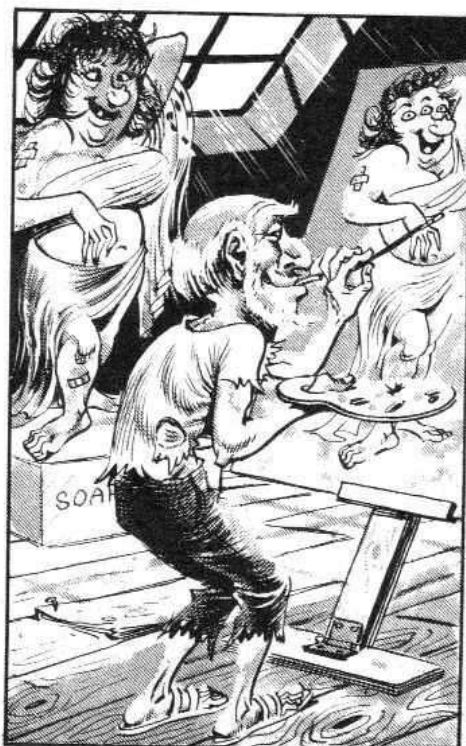


While many stand back about 10 feet from the canvas and use a sling shot to apply the paint . . .

DIFFERENT MODELS THE ARTIST USES FOR HIS PAINTING . . .



A busted television set . . .



A gal who finished 307th in the 'Miss Rhode Island' Beauty Contest . . .



Himself.

Ever go to a picnic and it rained so hard that you almost drowned? Buy a suit with two pair of pants and burn a hole in the jacket? Paint a room and find yourself painted into a corner? Sure you have, and we bet that comic strip heroes also have had such tough luck times . . . So **CRACKED** now presents. . .

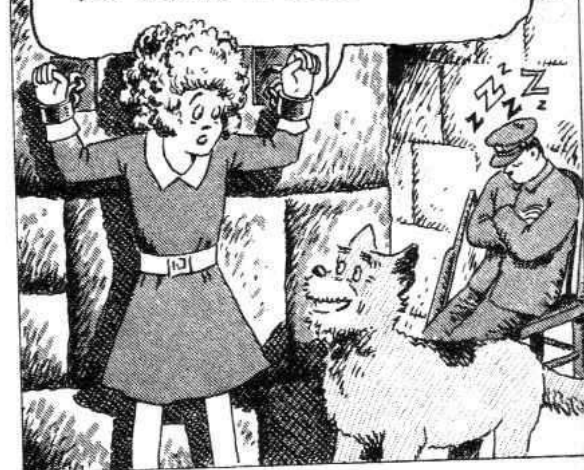
THE DAY COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS GOT UP ON THE WRONG SIDE OF BED

WE CAN'T CHASE THEM, RUBIN!
I FORGOT TO PUT GAS IN THE
CATMOBILE THIS MORNING!



LIL ORPHAN FANNIE

DANDY, THIS IS A GOOD TIME
FOR YOU TO GO GET HELP!
THE GUARD IS SLEEPING!



DUPERMAN

I JUST GOT A REPORT
THAT THE YELLOW
GRAPEMAN HAS ESCAPED
FROM JAIL AND IS
ONCE MORE ON A
RAMPAGE OF CRIME!

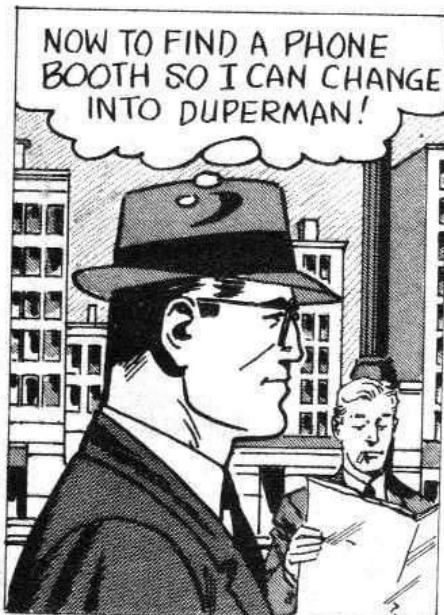


MARY WORTHY

HELLO, MARY....MAY
I PLEASE COME IN
FOR A FEW
MINUTES!

SURE, MY DEAR!





MANDUCK

THAT GIANT MONSTER IS GETTING CLOSER!

HAVE NO FEAR, I'LL JUST SAY THE MAGIC WORDS AND HE'LL CHANGE INTO A TINY ANT...
ABU-ZE-DE-LAK!



HE'S ALMOST UPON US

SAN-SAZ-DE-GLINK...**SAN SAZ-DE-GLINK?**



NOW WHAT WERE THOSE MAGIC WORDS?... **ZIM-ZAM ZEE... NO! BO-BIM-BINK! NO... AH! AH!...**



STEVE DITCH

STEVE! STEVE! THE PLANE HAS BEEN HIT!!! LOOK! THE BOMBARDIER IS HURT!!



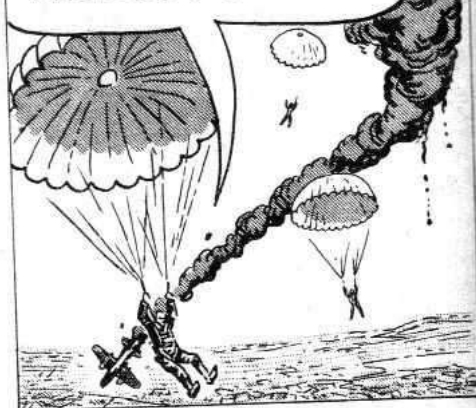
I'LL TAKE OVER! WE HAVE TO DROP OUR BOMBS AND DESTROY THE ENEMY FUEL BASE!



THREE... TWO... ONE... **BOMBS AWAY!**



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN PERFECT EXCEPT... I FORGOT TO OPEN THE BOMB BAY BEFORE I DROPPED THE BOMBS!



APEMAN

GO ON, APEMAN! GIVE YOUR FAMOUS YELL TO CALL ALL YOUR ANIMAL FRIENDS TO HELP US!



LARYNGITIS!!!



Unlike the MOVIE COWBOYS who wear black or white hats (depending upon their lawful, or unlawful, persuasion), KNIGHTS OF OLD found it most difficult to distinguish friend from foe on the FIELD OF BATTLE before HERALDRY came into use . . .



However, during the CRUSADES, European knights developed signs and symbols to make for easy identification. One look at a man's shield, banner or coat told you who your friends were. (It also told you who your foes were!)



Now, in the second half of the twentieth century, our society is witnessing a CREEPING CONFORMITY in every direction. BOYS and GIRLS are harder to tell apart, the EXECUTIVE and the WORKER wear the same fashions and drive similar cars, and HOMES are built from a pattern, a hundred at a time.

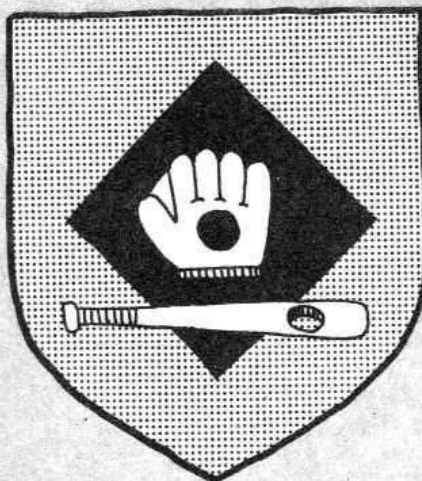
20th Century

Coat-of-Arms

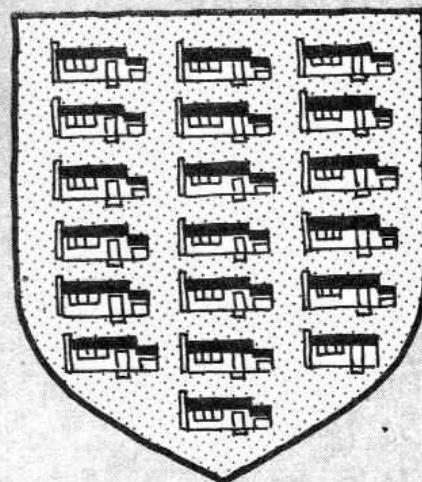
CRACKED feels that Heraldry can now make a successful come-back. Here are a few suggestions to aid us in regaining some of our lost identity . . .



POLITICIAN



BASEBALL PLAYER



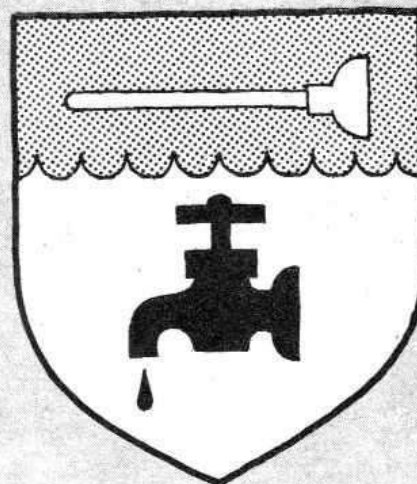
CONTRACTOR



ARMY SERGEANT



LAWRENCE WELK FAN



PLUMBER

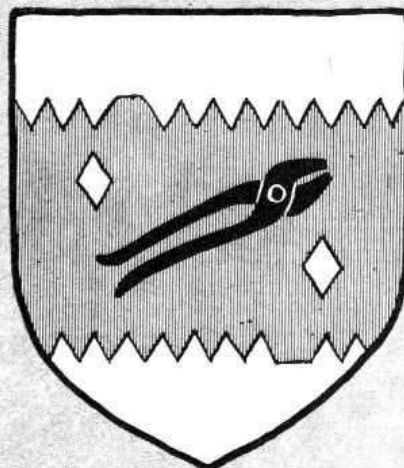
ANSWER: "A DOUGHNUT!"
QUESTION: "WHAT DO YOU CALL A MISER?"



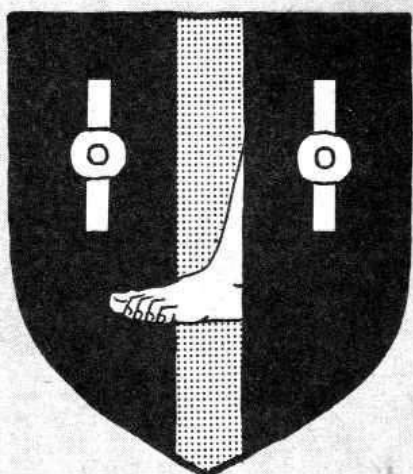
TRAFFIC COP



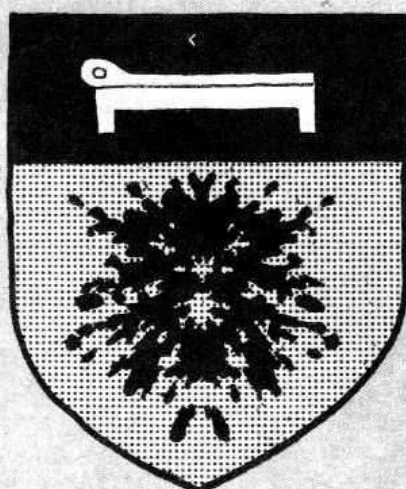
SECRET AGENT



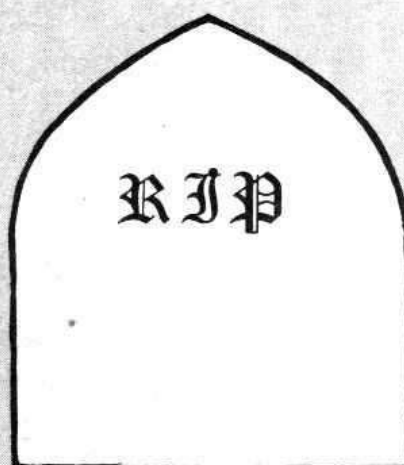
DENTIST



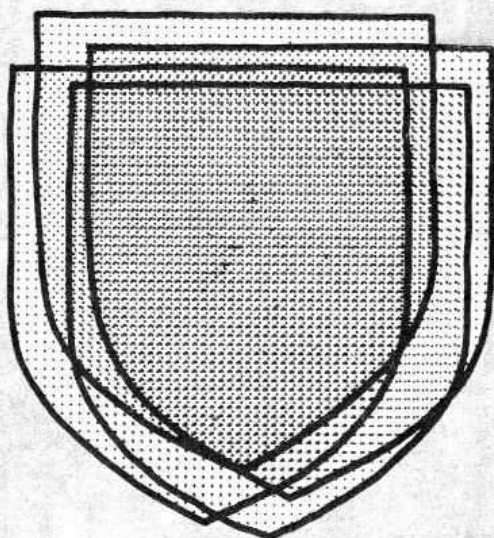
DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMAN



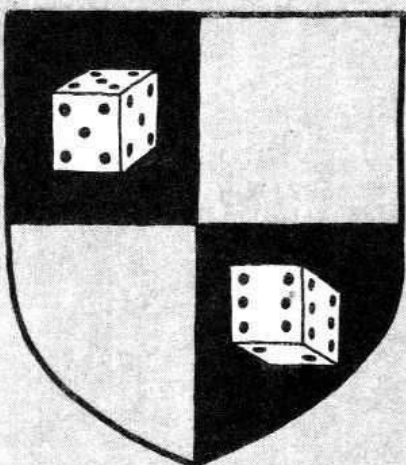
PSYCHIATRIST



CIGARETTE SMOKER



DISCOTHEQUE DANCER



PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER



CRACKED MAGAZINE

JUNGLE JANGLE SECTION

Just as white colonial empires in Africa have had to give way to emerging black nations, so too the white King of the Jungle has had to step down in favor of a black King of the Jungle. CRACKED takes you to the historic day of . . .

TARZAN'S ABDICATION

Hi, Tarzan! I'm Tanman! I guess you know I'm here to replace you as the new King of the Jungle!

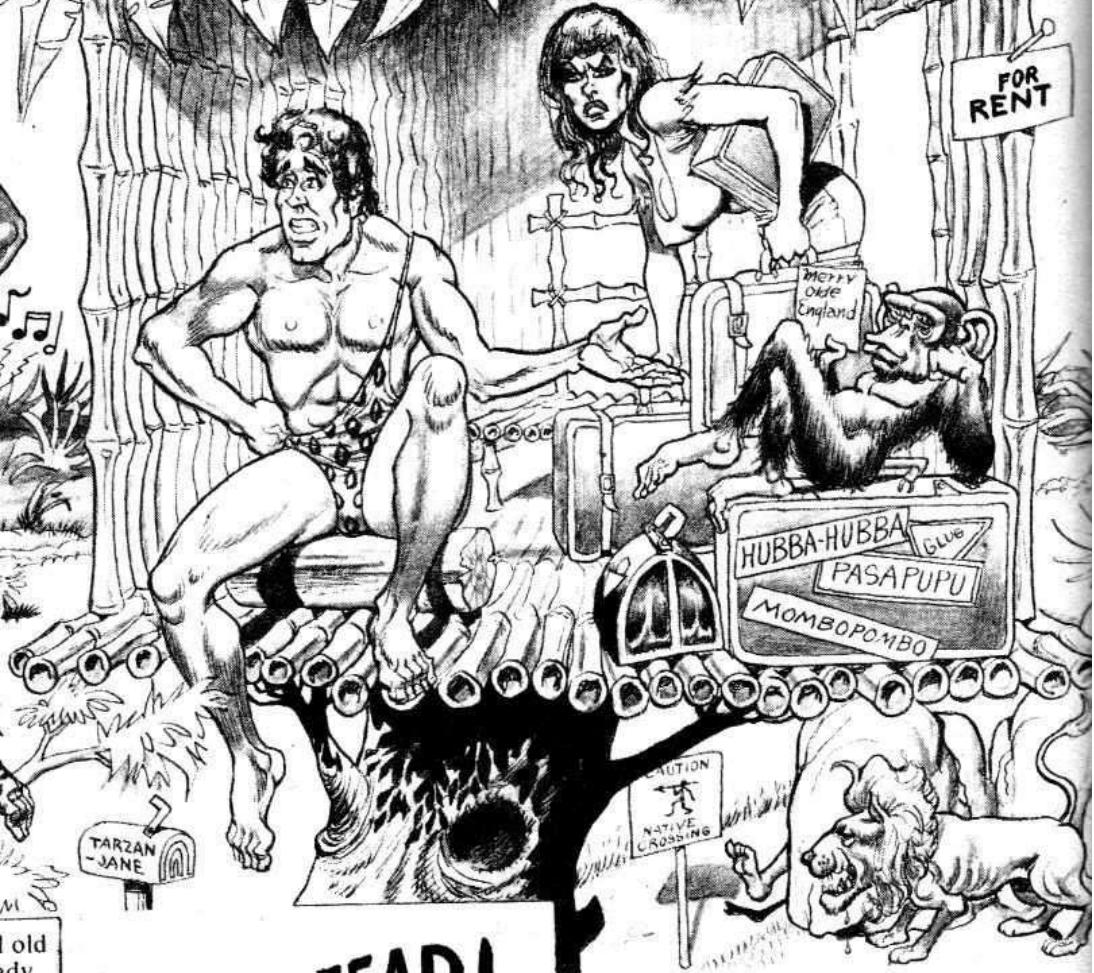
Yes, I've anticipated this day for some time. As you can see our bags are already packed!

You're welcome to stay on as my sidekick!

Thank you, but I've decided to return to my ancestral home in England.



TARZAN-JANE



Perhaps this book can help you in taking over, Tanman!

Nah! That's all old hat! I've already started stream-lining operations around here!

For example, dig my jungle yell . . .



That's excellent!

Actually, I just did a lip synch to a tape recording!

How clever!

It saves wear and tear on the ol' lung power!

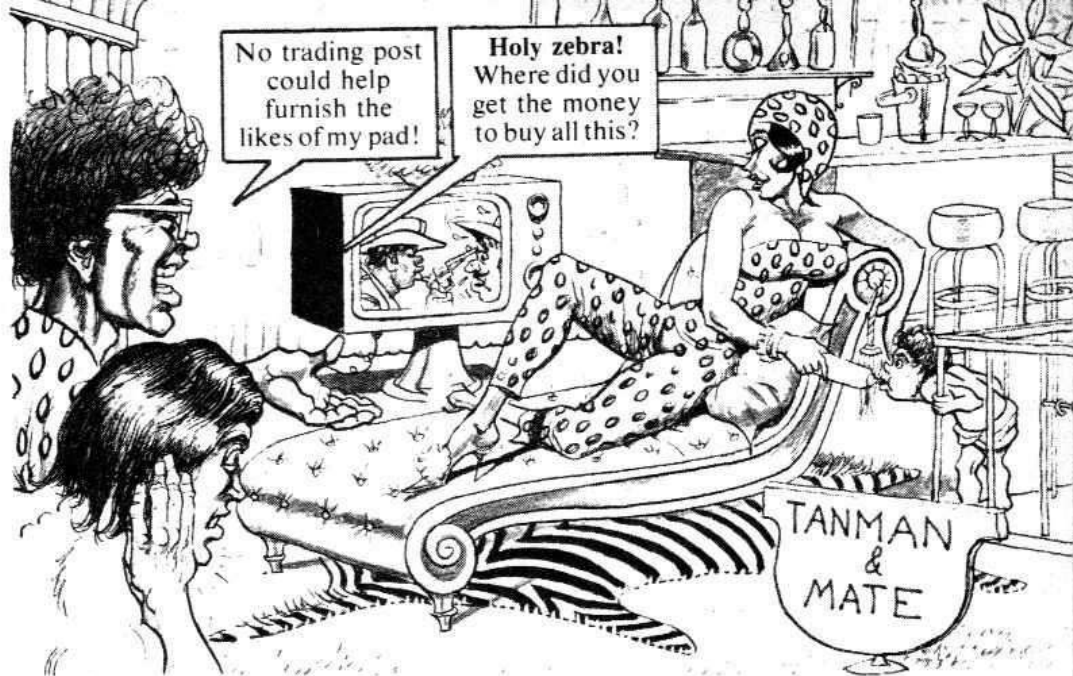


I know of an excellent trading post where you can get good deals on your elephant tusks!

Ha! Ha! Trading post! That's rich!

No trading post could help furnish the likes of my pad!

Holy zebra! Where did you get the money to buy all this?



On the side I produce jungle movies for black audiences . . . with me as the star, of course!

Bwana! Bwana!



Now as to some of the other problems you'll encounter in the jungle . . .

Again, I'm way ahead of you, Tarzan, ol' pal!

. . . dig my new electronic signal box!



Attention, Tanman! A 7-11 is in progress at grid coordinates N-6 and A-3.

A 7-11? What's that?

A 7-11 is a routine "girl-in-river-being-attacked-by-crocodile" distress call!



Come on, Tarzan! It's vine-grabbing time!

I'm glad to see you're still using one of my gimmicks. I was beginning to feel like an old fuddy-duddy!

Holy python!
What's happening?
The vine . . . it's moving!!

A MUST FOR AFRO WEARERS
A MOGUMBO HEAD SCRATCHER

That crocodile attack looks pretty routine!

. . . so I'll dispatch one of my assistants to take care of the job.

That's because it's attached to my personal helicopter!

My son accuses me of being an Uncle Tom-Tom!

Boss! Look over there . . . by the clearing!

GOOD GRIEF!

This time it's something real serious!
Gulp! I just hope I can handle it!

BAM!

It's that rabble-rouser, Jayne Fondle, fomenting the natives again!

We must stop throwing spears at the Wabagis and the Indians should be given back their native lands!

What's Indians?

HELP PROVIDE A JUNGLE VACATION TO UNDERPRIVILEGED WHITE KIDS FROM THE SLUMS OF JOHANNESBURG

RED IS BEAUTIFUL

STOP THE WAR

Jayne, I told you to stop making trouble!

Watch it, man! I'm a Kung Fu expert!

Here come de judge!

He'll beat her white and blue!

GIVE IT BACK TO THE INDIANS

What do I know about Chinese food? I'm an ape man! AAEAAARR!

The ground ... it's shaking ...

Is it an earthquake?

Maybe it's an army of bull elephants!

No, it's an army of bulldozers!

Get out of the way! You're holding up progress!

In Washington, they don't have anything that takes the words out of people's mouths.



Tanman, you have ten minutes to relocate to another jungle!

... the government is putting a freeway through here!

Man! You can't do this! I have an army of apes behind me!

Big deal! We have an army of lawyers behind us!



Sugar baby! Have you heard what the man is trying to do to us?

Yes, and it serves me right for putting my future in your hands!

Women's Lib is right! Only we women-folk can set the world straight!

Hush your mouth, woman! You're talking to the King of the Jungle!



FEMALE MANIFESTO
WOMEN OF ALL COUNTRIES UNITE
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR MOPS AND BROOMS



I'll "King of the Jungle" you! You male chauvinist!



From now on you're staying home with the kids!

... If Shirley Chisolm can run for President, I can become Queen of the Jungle!

Yes, June, I think we're gettin' out of Africa just in time!

WANT MORE BREAD? VOTE RED

CONGO LINE
IT SWINGS LIKE RAY CHARLES, MAN!

KNOWLEDGE IS POW-ER SECTION:

Contrary to popular belief, super heroes are made and not born. Oh, once in a while, a child prodigy comes floating in from some outer planet but, by and large, the world's corps of super heroes has to be fashioned from the raw material that's available here on Earth. In an exclusive scoop, **CRACKED** gives its readers the inside on the school for super heroes, the school that's tops in bops...



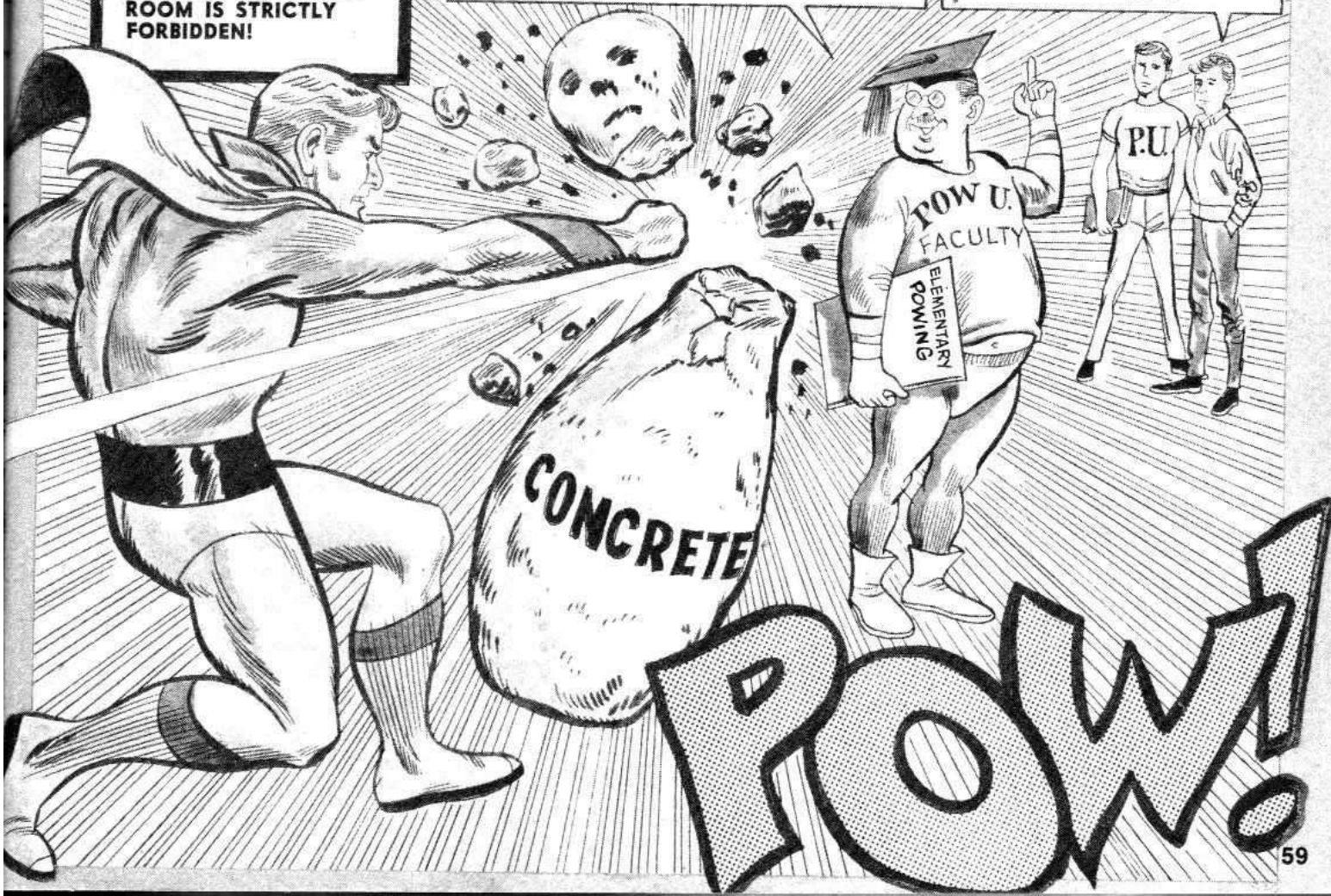
POW U.

... THE WORLD'S
LEADING SCHOOL
OF HARD KNOCKS!

THE THROWING OF
SPITBALLS OR CANNON
BALLS IN THE CLASS-
ROOM IS STRICTLY
FORBIDDEN!

Splendid, Pink Panther! Next week, we'll start
off with dummies made of solid steel!

I told my advisor I wanted a snap
course so he gave me a four-point
course in neck snapping!



COURSES AVAILABLE AT POW UNIVERSITY:

(A-1) MONSTER RECOGNITION

A required course for all super hero students. There is a wide area of confusion in that not all monsters fall in the province of criminality. For example, some monsters such as tax men, teachers, used-car dealers, etc., have an accepted role in society. Hasty action against this type of monster could lead to costly and time-consuming litigation. This course is especially designed to prevent just such errors.

(A-2) THE ART OF CASHING REWARD CHECKS

While this subject may appear to be trifling on first glance, the problem can be a real stickler. How does a super hero called "The Blue Falcon" go about convincing a suspicious bank officer that he should cash a reward check made out to the Blue Falcon? What constitutes proper identification? These and other puzzling aspects of the problem are thoroughly examined.

(A-3) SELECTING THE PROPER BOY ASSISTANT

This course is designed to enable a super hero to make a quick but accurate appraisal of prospective boy assistants (girl assistants in the case of female super heroes). Is the applicant just a lazy, glory-seeking brat, or is he a sincere and appreciative apprentice who will willingly perform such non-glamorous tasks as taking out the garbage and mowing the lawn?

(A-4) SUPER DIPLOMACY

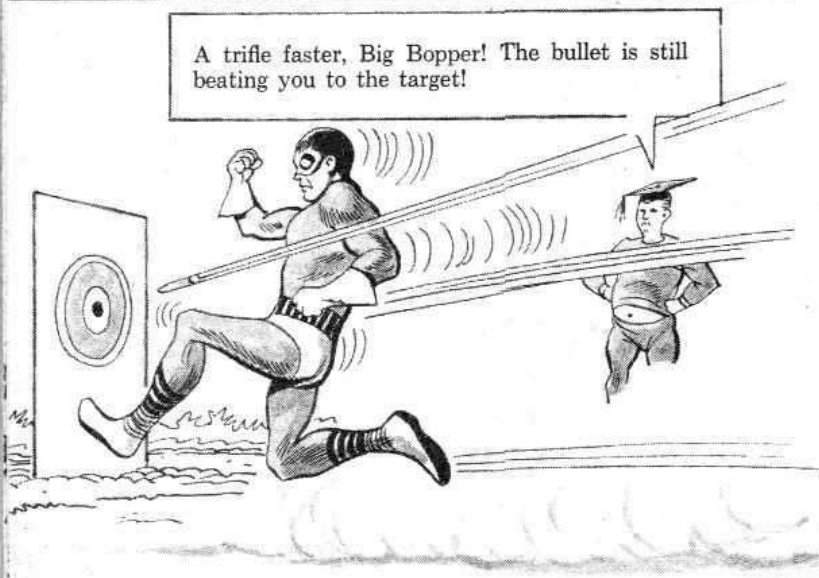
For each time a super hero agrees to answer a call of distress, there are at least a dozen times when he should tactfully avoid getting himself involved. This "must" course in diplomacy explicitly covers those areas of religion, politics and marital squabbles where a super hero would do best to refrain from meddling.

(A-5) COMMERCIAL PRODUCT ENDORSEMENT

CLASSROOM SCENES:

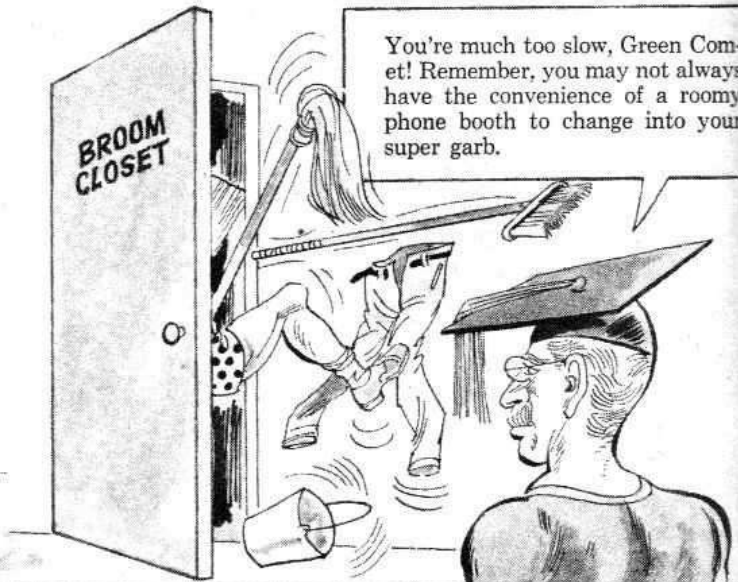
INTERMEDIATE RUNNING

A trifle faster, Big Bopper! The bullet is still beating you to the target!



ADVANCED COSTUME-CHANGING

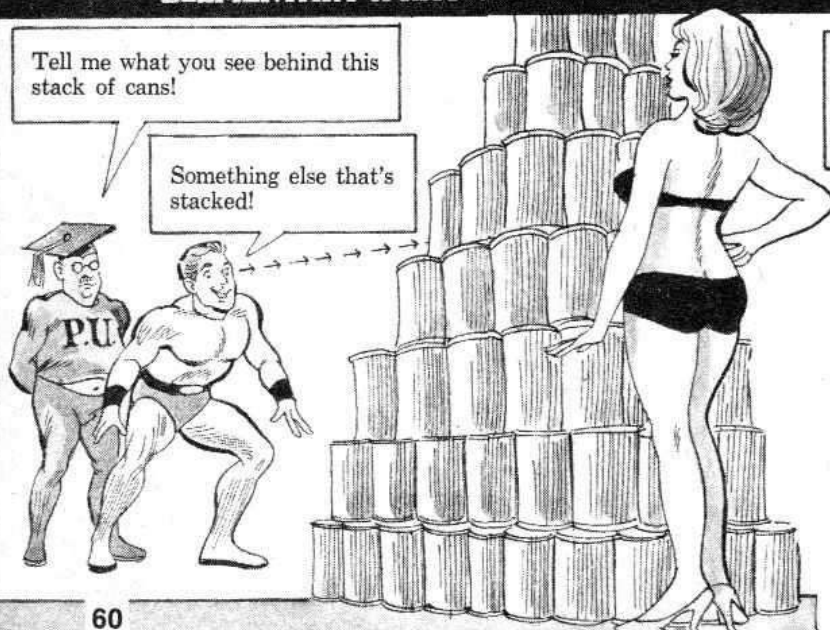
You're much too slow, Green Comet! Remember, you may not always have the convenience of a roomy phone booth to change into your super garb.



ELEMENTARY X-RAY VISION

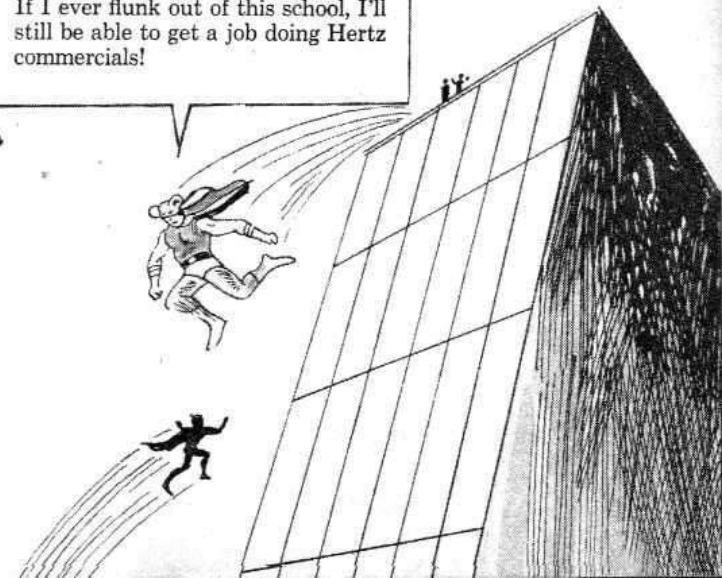
Tell me what you see behind this stack of cans!

Something else that's stacked!



ADVANCED BUILDING JUMPING

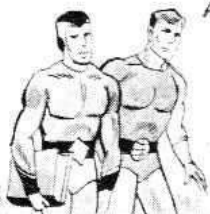
If I ever flunk out of this school, I'll still be able to get a job doing Hertz commercials!



SCHOOL ACTIVITIES:

ATTENDANCE RECORD—Pow University is the only school whose students have absolutely no problem getting to class on time.

I need 30 seconds from the time I get up to get to class. That's 'cause I don't like to gulp my food down!



The professor sent me home! He doesn't want me appearing in class in my mini-cape!

POW
UNIVERSITY



CLASS DISCIPLINE—Excellent, but because of the extraordinary powers of Pow students, there are occasional minor infractions.

Stretch Kid! How many times must I tell you to stop passing notes in class?

STUDENTS WILL BE REQUIRED TO
SPEAK THE FOLLOWING LANGUAGES
FLUENTLY BY TOMORROW:
ARABIC
SWAHILI
MADISON AVE. DOUBLE TALK



FRIENDLY HAZING OF FRESHMEN—Upperclassmen are shown asking a frosh to lift himself by his hair. This stunt is not as easy as it looks.



BULLETIN BOARD—Nothing reflects the uniqueness of superdom's institution of higher learning than its school notices.

MEMORANDUM

ATTENTION TO ALL STUDENTS:

THE LOCAL POLICE HAVE AGAIN REQUESTED US TO REMIND ALL UNDERGRADUATES THAT THE TOWN SPEED LIMIT IS 45 M.P.H. THIS LIMIT APPLIES TO PEDESTRIANS AS WELL.

PROVOST OF
POW UNIVERSITY

MEMO

THERE HAVE BEEN NUMEROUS COMPLAINTS FROM LOCAL GIRLS OF LIP LACERATIONS AND BROKEN RIBS. STUDENTS WILL REFRAIN FROM SMOOCHING WITH LOCAL GIRLS UNTIL THEY KNOW THEIR OWN STRENGTH.

MEDICAL OFFICER

EXAM NOTICE

ALL STUDENTS ARE HONOR-BOUND NOT TO USE THEIR X-RAY VISION TO FERRET OUT ANSWERS DURING AN EXAMINATION. WHILE WE HAVE AN EXAMINATION, WE WILL CONTINUE OUR STUDENTS, WE WILL CONTINUE TO USE OUR SENSITIVE GEIGER COUNTERS TO MONITOR STUDENTS DURING EXAMS.

THE FACULTY

NOTICE TO
ALL STUDENTS:

ΠΩ FRATERNITY

CHAPTER MEMBERS OF ΠI ΩEGA WILL GATHER AT THE PHONE BOOTH BY THE FRONT MALL TOMORROW AT 2 P.M. WE WILL ENDEAVOR TO SEE HOW MANY MEMBERS WE CAN SQUEEZE INTO A PHONE BOOTH AND STILL BE ABLE TO CHANGE INTO OUR COSTUMES.

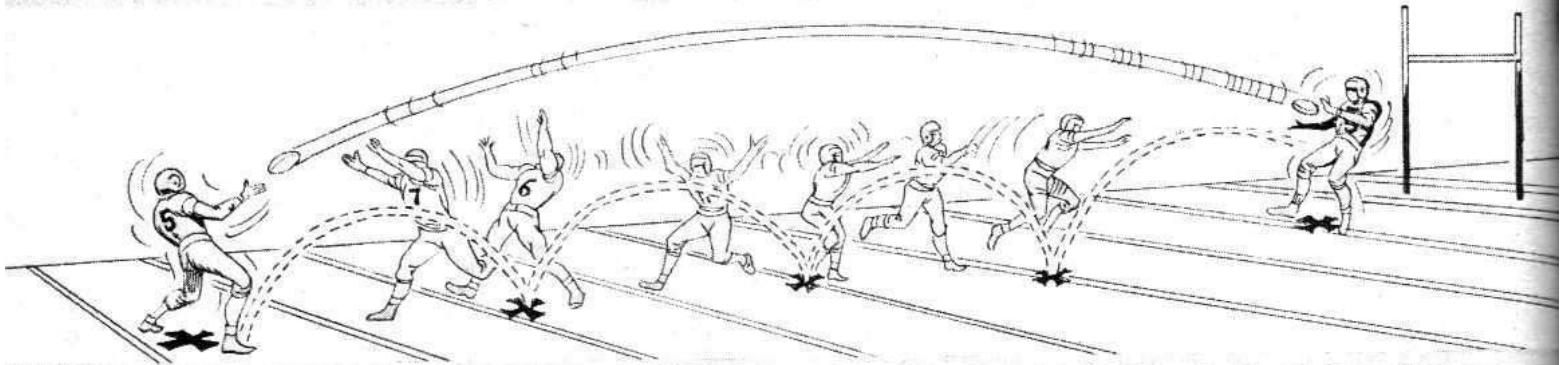
FUN COMMITTEE OF ΠΩ

ATTENTION!

JAMES BOND
(CLASS OF '53)
WILL GIVE A
LECTURE ON

AWARDS AND RECOGNITION:

Due to Pow University's unique student body, intercollegiate competition with less gifted schools presents a problem. The difficulty is partially circumvented by having each Pow team made up of only one player.



The "Lavender Flash" is shown catching his own pass, as he single-handedly defeated the University of Texas by a score of 490 to 0. The powerful Texas team was able to hold the score down by insisting that Pow U's lone player be forced to play with both legs strapped together.

UPON RECOMMENDATION
OF THE FACULTY,
POW UNIVERSITY
CONFERS UPON
COSMIC STREAK
(FORMERLY KNOWN AS STANLEY KOWALSKI)
WHO HAS COMPLETED THE REQUISITE
COURSE OF STUDY, THE DEGREE OF
B.S. (BACHELOR OF SUPERDOM)

WITH ALL THE RIGHTS, PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES THEREIN BELONGING,
SUCH AS NOT HAVING TO COMPLY WITH ALL THE LEGAL NICETIES THAT COULD
THREATEN THE CAPTURING OF EVIL-DOERS—LIKE OBTAINING WARRANTS OR
HAVING TO ADVISE VILLAINS OF THEIR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.



Captain Invincible
DEAN OF THE UNIVERSITY

Pow athletes
require a tremen-
dous amount of
nourishment. The
"Golden Falcon,"
star basketballer of
Pow U., is shown
taking a milk break
during a hectic
game.



GRADUATION CEREMONY

Undoubtedly, the most colorful graduation ceremony in the world is the annual Pow U. commencement exercise held at Grand Canyon. In a symbolic leap across the Canyon to get his diploma, the student graduate demonstrates his physical and mental maturity. It is at this point that Pow U. encounters its highest number of dropouts (the term "dropdown" would be more appropriate).



A black and white photograph of Tarzan and Jane. Tarzan is shirtless and wearing a loincloth, holding a spear. Jane is sitting on the ground, wearing a patterned dress. They are in a jungle setting with trees and foliage in the background.

This proves it, you're a sore loser. Tarzan. I'm never going to play Jacks with you again!!

A black and white photograph of two men in a jungle setting. One man is wearing a hat and holding a rifle, looking towards the camera. The other man is standing next to him, also looking towards the camera. They are surrounded by dense jungle foliage.

Now there's something you don't often see . . . a gorilla wearing a bullet-proof vest!

JUNGLE JOLLITY SECTION

SAFARI N SO GOOD

A black and white photograph of Tarzan and a young boy in a jungle setting. Tarzan is shirtless and wearing a loincloth, standing next to the boy. The boy is also shirtless and wearing a loincloth. They are surrounded by dense jungle foliage and a large lion is visible in the background.

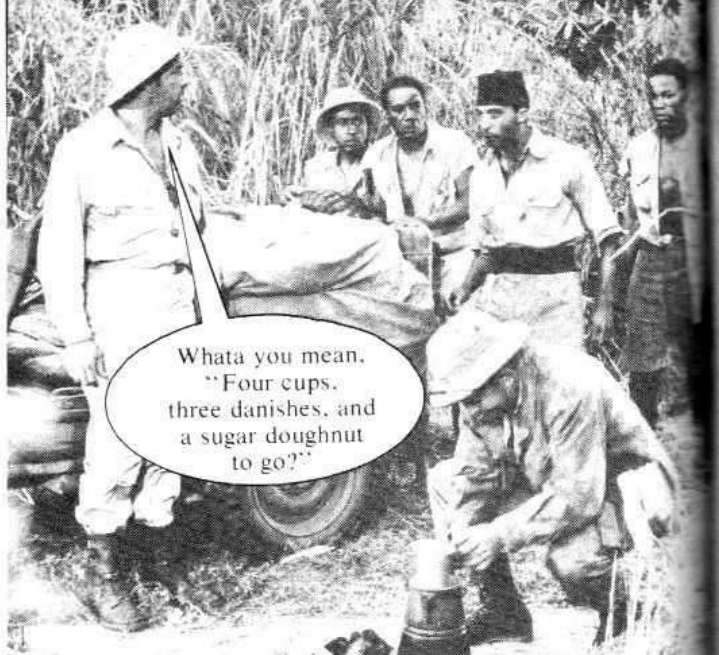
Aw. Gee. Dad, can't I keep him? He followed me home!

A black and white photograph of a group of people in a jungle setting. One person is standing and holding a rifle, while others are sitting or lying on the ground. They are surrounded by dense jungle foliage and a large fire is visible in the background.

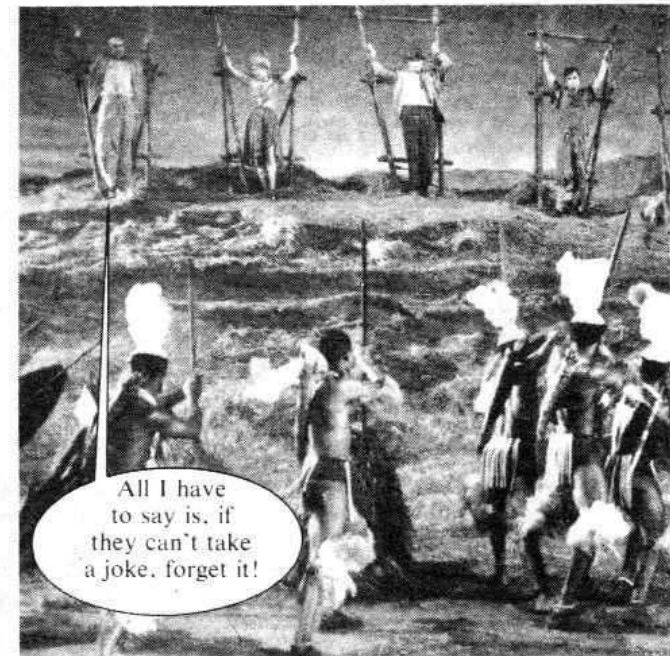
We know you two would like to be alone. Why don't you go to a drive-in movie or something?



Wow! A
pit full of
crocodiles . . . just
think of all the
peachy shoes and
handbags they
could make out
of them!



Whata you mean.
"Four cups,
three danishes, and
a sugar doughnut
to go?"



All I have
to say is, if
they can't take
a joke, forget it!



Okay, Chief,
86 bucks for
the ivory!

Plus
tax!



No, No,
Tarzan! I
think they have
to make a **left**
at the third
bamboo tree,
then a **right**
at the big banana
plant!

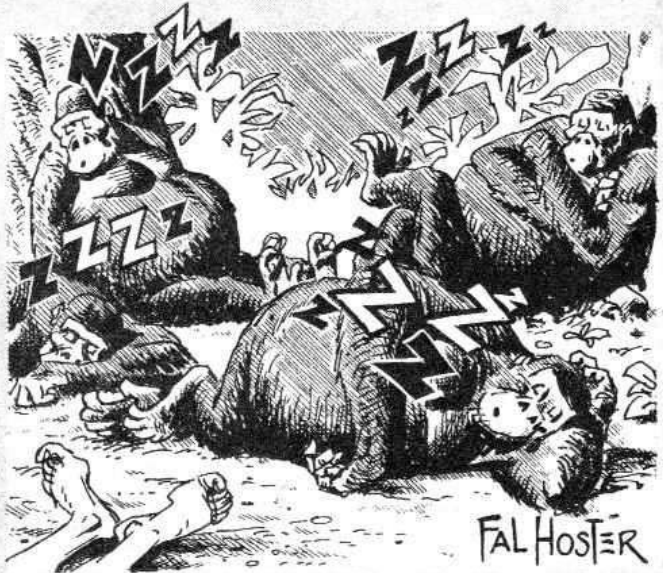


Hold your
fire . . . it's only
the Welcome Wagon
lady!

Ever wake up in the morning and have a feeling that everything you do that day is going to turn out wrong? The coffee will taste like mud . . . The toast will be burnt blacker than the Ace of Spades . . . You will fall down a flight of stairs . . . CRACKED now gives you . . .

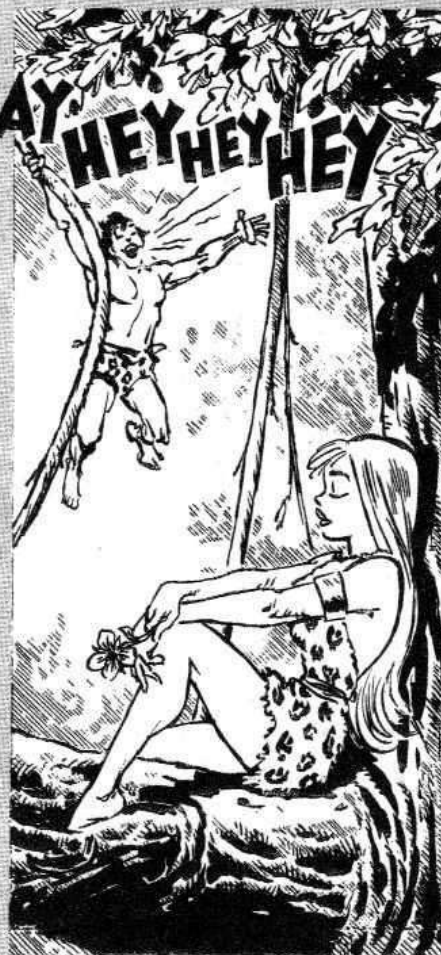
The DAY THAT NOTHING SEEMED TO GO RIGHT FOR THE APE MAN

DISTURBED SLUMBER



ANSWER: "MEATBALL."
QUESTION: "WHAT DO THEY CALL A BUTCHER'S FORMAL DANCE?"

TWO HOURS LATER, THE MATING CALL.



FIVE HOURS LATER, THE RESCUE:



ANSWER: "BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE DIED TO GET IN."
QUESTION: "WHY DO THEY HAVE A FENCE AROUND A CEMETERY?"

Strange things are going on. The Mets didn't finish in the cellar. The Yankees didn't win the pennant for two years in a row. More and more adults are taking to rock 'n' roll—AND liking it! There's only one way to explain these diabolical happenings: the practice of witchcraft abounds in the world of today as never before! But how do we go about unmasking the many witches and warlocks who brings these occurrences about? Our wise forefathers had the answer. There's only one way to make a witch confess, and that's through torture!

However, old-fashioned torture devices are outmoded. To catch a modern, sophisticated witch, you need modern, sophisticated devices. Therefore, as a witch-hunting public service, **CRACKED** would like to offer these . . .

UPDATED

FOR CATCHING THE

THE OLDE WAY-



Suspected witches were tied to a burning stake. This method was very effective, because if the witches failed to confess, the authorities no longer had to worry about them.

THE NEW WAY-

Suspected demons should be strapped to a stake, and exposed to the gruelling, hot exhaust fumes from rush-hour traffic.



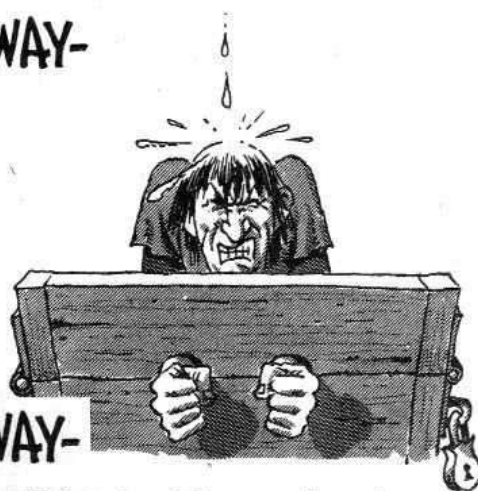


TORTURE DEVICES

WITCHES OF TODAY

THE OLDE WAY-

Suspected witches were placed in a stock while a steady dripping of water fell on their heads.



THE OLDE WAY-

Suspected witches should be placed in a stock, and be made to watch one TV commercial after another. If they STILL don't confess, they should then be forced to watch one TV program after another!



THE NEW WAY-

Pressure was applied on the suspect's fingers until he realized the futility of not confessing.



THE NEW WAY-

The suspect should be made to shake hands with an enthusiastic life insurance salesman until he consents to confess.



THE FORCED FEEDING TORTURE:

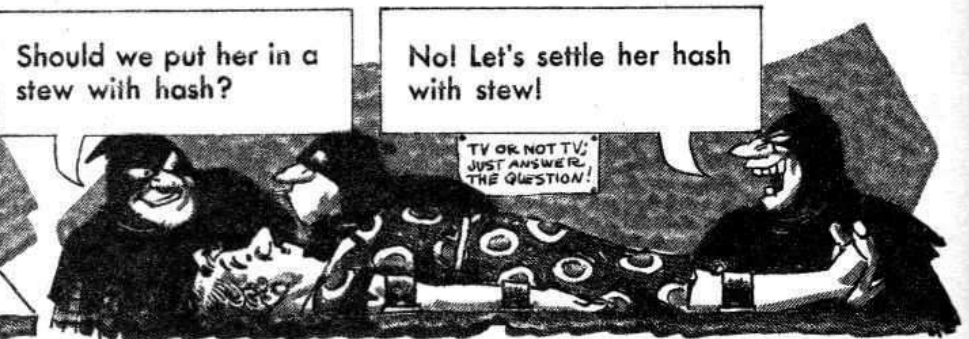
THE OLDE WAY-

Prisoners were deprived of all liquids, and made to eat salted herrings.



THE NEW WAY-

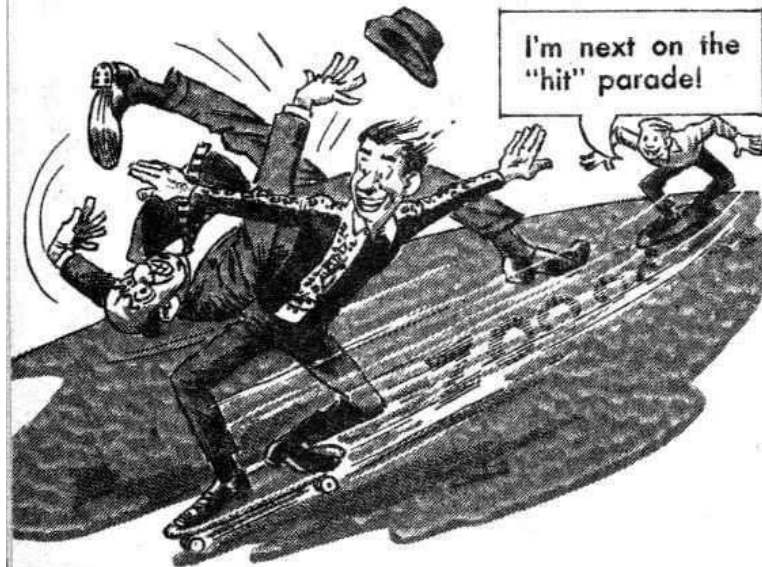
Witch suspects should be made to eat the cardboard portion of a TV dinner. Stubborn witches who don't readily confess should be forced to eat the TV dinner itself!



MORE CHOICE METHODS OF MODERN TORTURE:

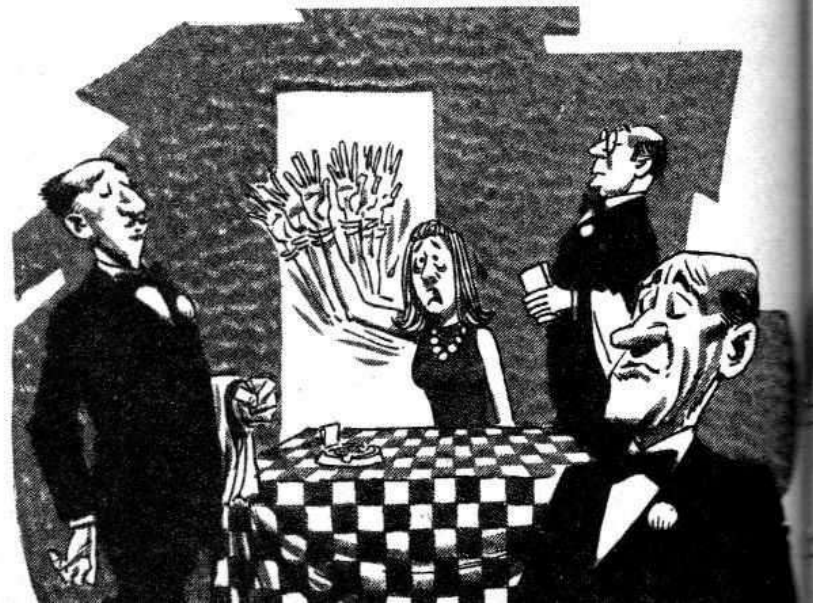
Accused demons should be forced to walk up a hill used by skateboarding teens.

Force them to dial a series of long distance phone numbers by way of long distance information.



Make the witches paste in trading stamp after trading stamp until they see the futility of not confessing.

Place starved witches at a restaurant table while numerous waiters walk by ignoring them.



Well, hi there everyone. I was just **sitting** here in my **library** brushing up on the **subject** of this month's interview. My **guest** today is **Madam Zen Zen**. Some call her a possessor of **unexplainable** powers. Others call her **gifted** and still others call her at PI3-6716. But enough of this **babbling**. Come with me now as

CRACKED

INTERVIEWS THE PSYCHIC KING

Greetings
Madam Zen Zen.
Thank you for
allowing us
into your **home**.
I'm Na...

Don't tell me...
you are **Nanny
Dickerling**. You
have **dirty** hair...

I beg your pardon.

Make that dirty **blond**
hair. And you're
wearing a **blue** dress
and high heels.

Why yes!... That's **amazing**.
You got all that from **feeling**
my **vibrations** in the air?

No, I got all
that from **seeing**
your **image** in
that **mirror**.

Then you're a **fraud** who has no **powers of ESP**, can't **levitate**, can't...

No. No. No. My **powers** are quite genuine. For example, how about if I **demonstrate** my talent of **communicating** with the world beyond.

You mean **call up** a person from the **grave**?

Well, it wouldn't be too **impressive** if I **called** up my **hairdresser** from down the street.

You've got a point.

Now I must go into a **trance** ... **Deeper... deeper...**

Madam Zen Zen, do you think you can **contact** my **Uncle Sidney**?

We shall try... wait... the **next voice** you hear will not be mine, but **that** of a **person** from the **world** beyond.

So, you say you're sick of **transportation** that's **undependable**—of a **bumpy ride**—of vehicles that **break down** after only **three years** on the **trail**. Then you've come to the **right place**.

Uncle Sidney is that you?

Feast your **eyes** on this...

The new **1883 Le Mans Stage Coach**. There's room for **six adults** inside—or **5 adults** and **two very pudgy dwarfs**—plus room for **2 drivers** on top, lots of **cargo space**, and it can be hit with **2000 arrows** during an **Indian attack** before any of the wood is **pierced**.

And **what** if you don't have anything to **trade** in? I can give you a **deal** that's **so low**, you'll wonder how I can afford to **stay** in business. Go ahead. **Ask** me the **price**.

It's... Sorry, your **three minutes** are **up**. This is the **spirit world** **returning** you to Madam Zen Zen.

All right. **What's** the **price**?

The **trance** is broken.

That was **amazing!**... **Fantastic!**... Only, that didn't **sound** at all like my **Uncle Sidney**. He was a **minister**.

Yeah, well I forgot to **tell** you before I **tranced** off that the **only** person I can ever pick up is a **covered wagon salesman** from the 1800's.

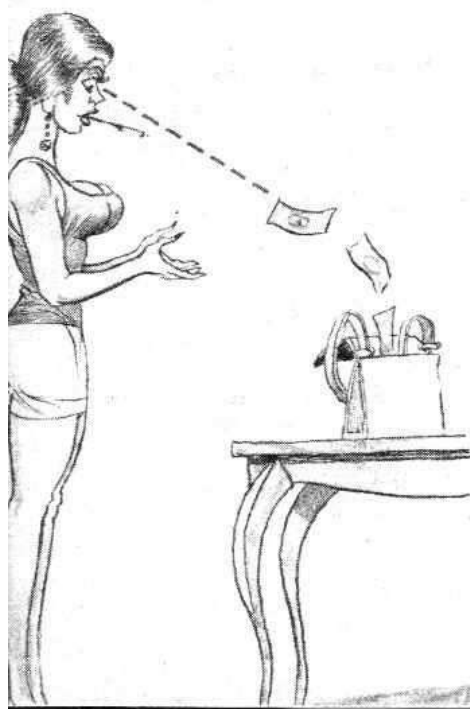
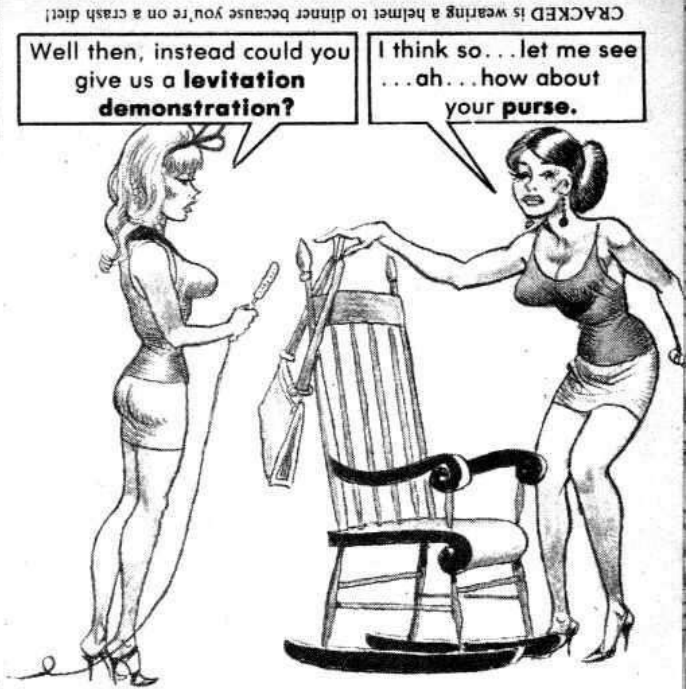
What an **unfortunate** drawback to your talents.

Perhaps—unless you **look** at it in **another** light.

Which is?

I make over **600 bucks** on every stagecoach he **manages** to sell.

BEER IS GOOD FOR WHAT ALES YOU





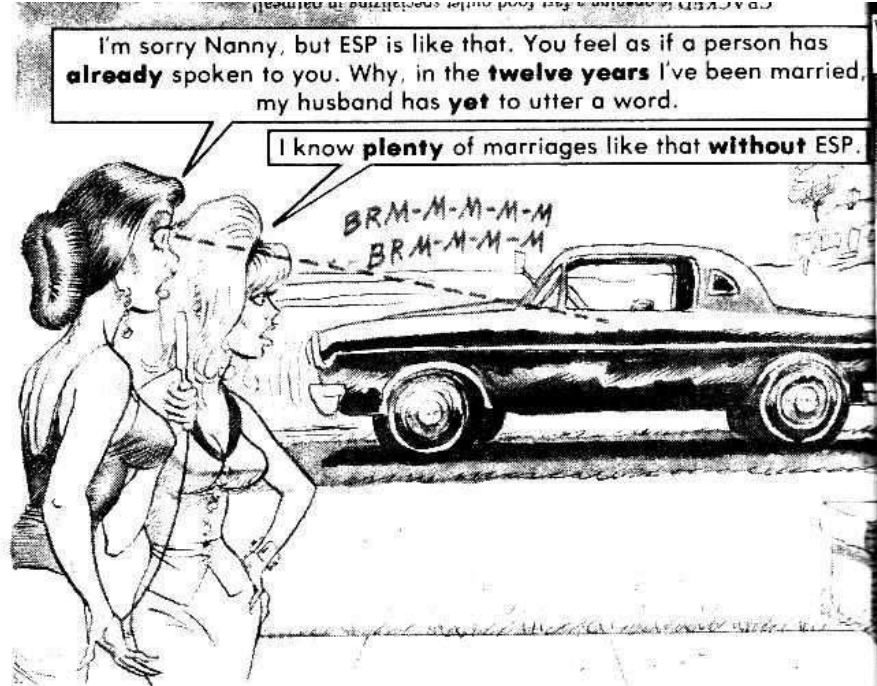
Moving along...

Yes, that's true.

What?

You were **going** to ask if I use my **psychic powers** in helping the **police** to find missing persons.

I get this feeling that somehow if I hadn't shown up today, this interview **still** would have gotten done.



I'm sorry Nanny, but ESP is like that. You feel as if a person has **already** spoken to you. Why, in the **twelve years** I've been married, my husband has **yet** to utter a word.

I know **plenty** of marriages like that **without** ESP.

BRM-M-M-M-M
BRM-M-M-M

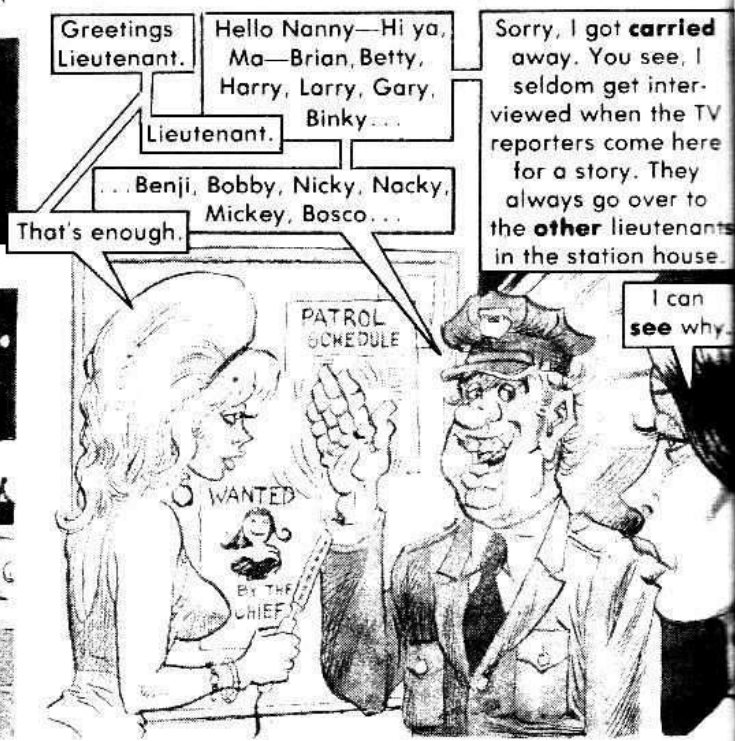


But anyway, you can...

...show your readers how I find a missing person—of course. That's why we're in this car. The first thing I need is a **case** and I get that here at the **1st Precinct** from **Lieutenant Whatshisname**.

What's his name?

That's right.



Greetings, Lieutenant.

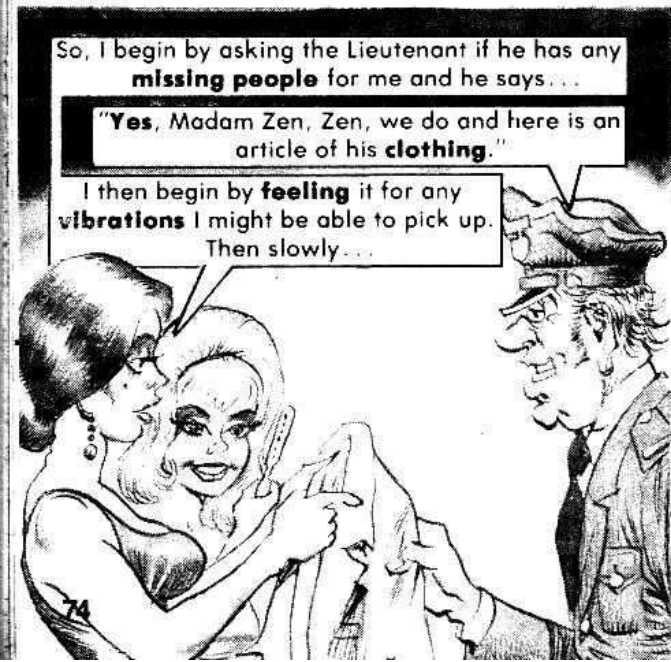
Hello Nanny—Hi ya, Ma—Brian, Betty, Harry, Larry, Gary, Binky...
Lieutenant.

...Benji, Bobby, Nicky, Nacky, Mickey, Bosco...

That's enough.

Sorry, I got **carried away**. You see, I seldom get interviewed when the TV reporters come here for a story. They always go over to the **other** lieutenants in the station house.

I can see why.



So, I begin by asking the Lieutenant if he has any **missing people** for me and he says...

"Yes, Madam Zen, Zen, we do and here is an article of his **clothing**."

I then begin by **feeling** it for any **vibrations** I might be able to pick up. Then slowly...



...I'm getting an **image**... I feel a sense of urgency—I feel **great** pain.

No, there's a **nail** in this **pocket** and I just **cut** myself on it—ouch!

You think the person is **injured**?

Wait! I have an image—I **know** where the person is—Quick! Let's go!

POLICE

Make a **left**... now a **right**... **up** that street... **around** the corner... we're getting close now.

He's in **that** building. Follow me.

Madam Zen Zen, we're **back** at the **police station**!



Up these stairs—**through** that door.



And **there** he is!

Hey, you **found** my jacket. **Thanks** Lieutenant.

How **dumb** of me—I gave you the **wrong** piece of **clothing**! It wasn't **that** jacket! It was the owner of **this baby booty** I wanted found.

Madam Zen Zen, I must say that even though your person wasn't really missing, **that** was an **amazing** demonstration. Do you ever take **money** for your services?

Money?... You mean **cash**? Nanny, what I have is a gift. Money **can't** pay for my talent.

That's **very** noble.

However, a **large** check can.

Wait! Miss Dickering, I feel a **great** danger. I feel that you haven't long here... Oh my. Miss Dickering, I feel that... that the **end** is **near** for you.

Why, Madam Zen Zen, you're right. But there's **nothing** to fear. The **end** is near because...

...that's all the **space** we have left.

Oh, that's good. I hate it when my predictions end with a... so messy—Care to join me in a cup of coffee?

Do you think there's enough **room** for the **two** of us?

And this is Nanny Dickering saying bye until next month.

Such a kiddier.



DECEMBER 11, 1943

Enemy planes
at 4 o'clock!
Let's go!!

What's your
hurry? It's
only half
past three!

There's **30,000 Germans** attacking on the left and we've only got **63 bullets** between us, so I want you men to aim carefully. Don't shoot until you've seen the **whites** of their eyes.

Bad order, Sarge.
They're wearing
sunglasses.

SNIFE!
SNIFE!

Hold it.
I **smell**
something.

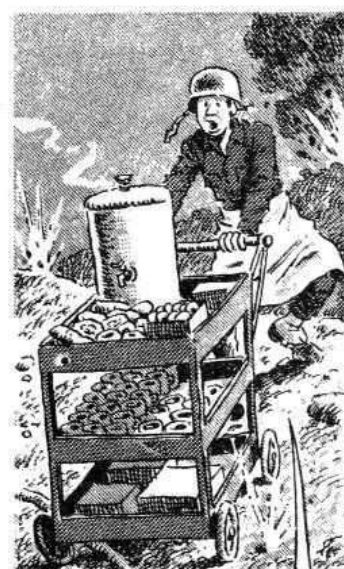
Yeah, me too.

You're right! I think it's
...it's **coffee!**

SEERIN

During World War II, many men and women helped the U.S. and its allies win, not only important battles, but also fabulous prizes by applying to enemy-supported game shows under cover. Numerous movies have been made saluting these soldiers, but none has told the true tale of the young men who risked their lives during battle bringing coffee and danish to those soldiers camped behind enemy lines. This true film is dedicated to them—those young heroes of World War II known simply as

G.I. DONUT BOYS



Crullers, anyone?

Well, **Kildowsky**, only two more days and we'll be done with **boot camp**.

Thank goodness. **Polishing things** day and night for eight weeks is starting to **get to me**.

Complaining, Kildowsky? O'Brian?

No, **Sergeant Shouter**. It's just that we get **shipped overseas** tomorrow and we were wondering when you were going to **teach** us some of the **other** things we should know.

Like what?

Like **survival... first aid**
...how to **shoot a gun**...

Relax. Each gun comes equipped with a **2-paragraph** manual. And **survival**? There's **nothing** to it—either you **do** or you **don't**. But when you're sitting there in your fox hole with **muddy boots**, no polish and just a **rag**... thanks to this training, you'll **know** how to get that **perfect shine**. Now get to it!!

Sergeant Shouter certainly is a **tough** man.

Yeah, but I have a feeling he's gonna **change**.

Why do you say that, **Dwark**?

LOOSE LIPS
SINK
SHIPS

ENEMY
HISTO

Every night I've been **sneaking** into his tent and **sprinkling this** on him.

Smart!

SEMPER FI
FELLAS.

ADOLF'S
TENDERIZER

OK, **training's over** and as we fly into battle, I can finally tell you guys where our **first mission** is. We're goin' to the tiny island of **Tonga** in the **South Pacific**.

I saw that movie!

Our objective is to knock off all the **Japanese** there. It's an **important** site for them. This is where they've been **manufacturing** all those tiny **transistor radios** that have been flooding the American market.

Gee Sarge, it sounds **tough**.

Sure it's **tough**, but remember you're capable of doing **anything**—you're **flying Naval Marines!!!**

TONGA

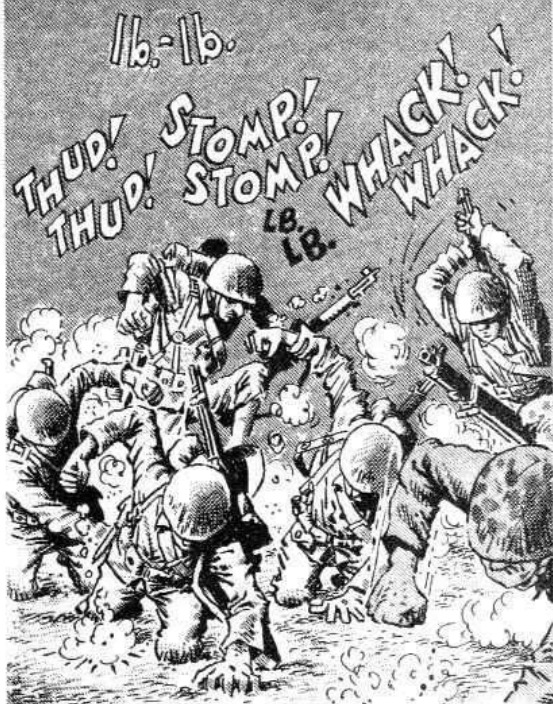
BORA BORA

FLY-SPECK

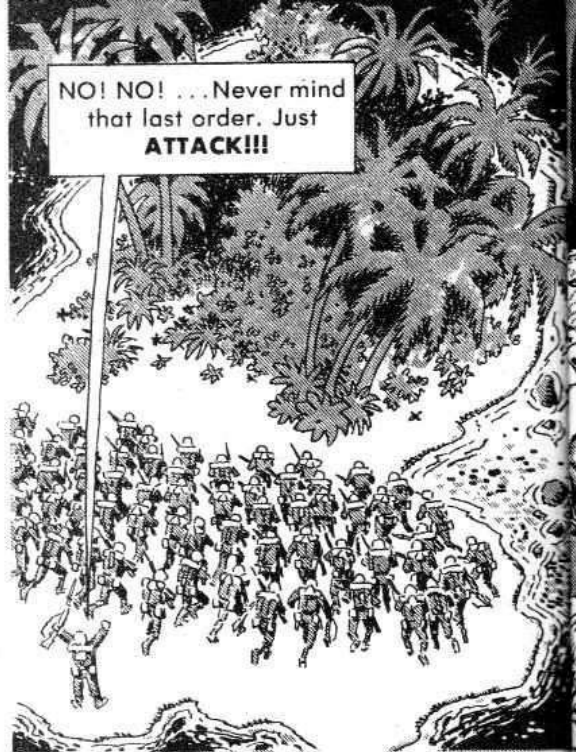
OK, we're **nearing** the island. I want my orders followed to the **letter**. Got that?

Right, Sarge.

Now, **hit** the **beach**!!



NO! NO! ...Never mind that last order. Just **ATTACK!!!**



So, this is what **war** is like? ... I **hate** it... How many **men** do you think are out there, Sarge?

Maybe 6.

I can't take it... we're **trapped** on this **enemy island**... surrounded ... like **rats**! I **hate** it! I **HATE** it!!



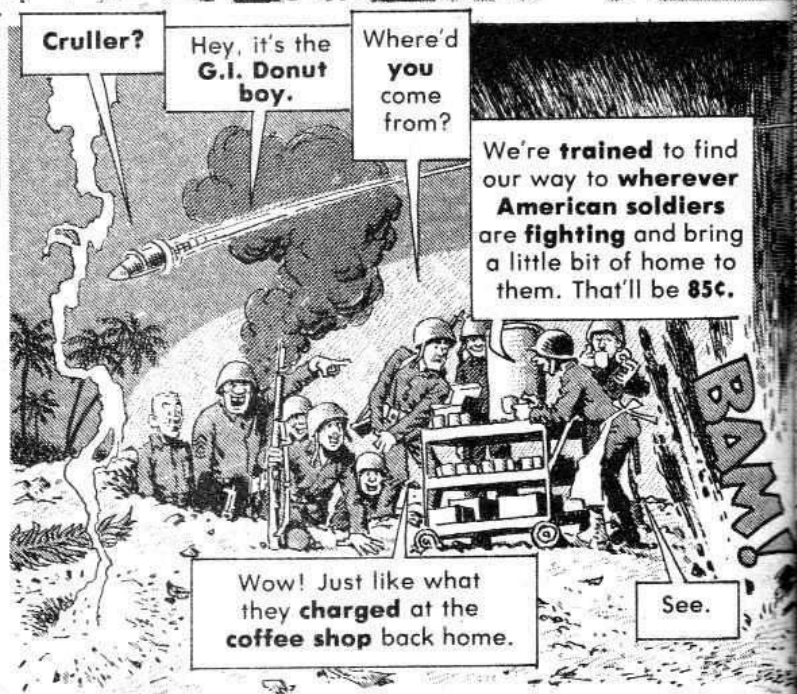
Cruller, sir?

Cruller?

Hey, it's the **G.I. Donut boy**.

Where'd you come from?

We're **trained** to find our way to **wherever American soldiers** are **fighting** and bring a little bit of home to them. That'll be **85¢**.



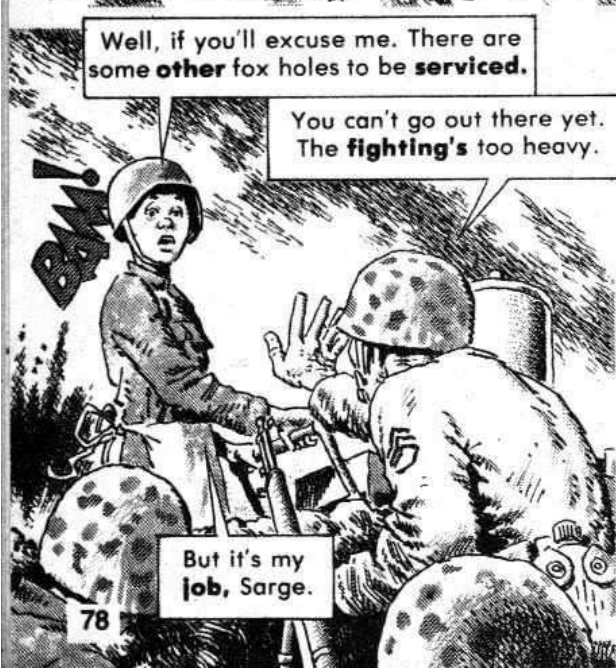
Wow! Just like what they **charged** at the **coffee shop** back home.

See.

Well, if you'll excuse me. There are some **other** fox holes to be **served**.

You can't go out there yet. The **fighting's** too heavy.

But it's my **job**, Sarge.



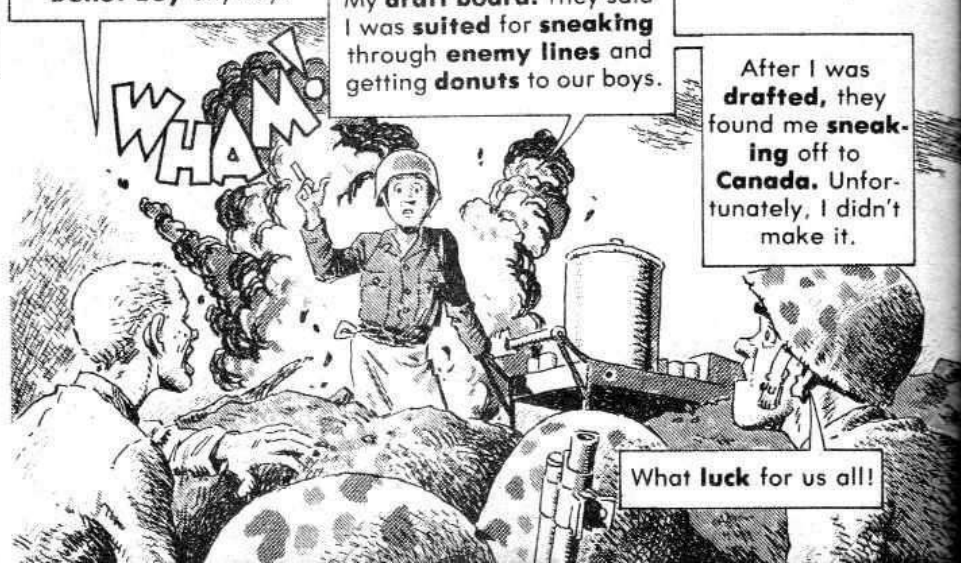
What **dedication**! What made you become a **G.I. Donut boy** anyway?

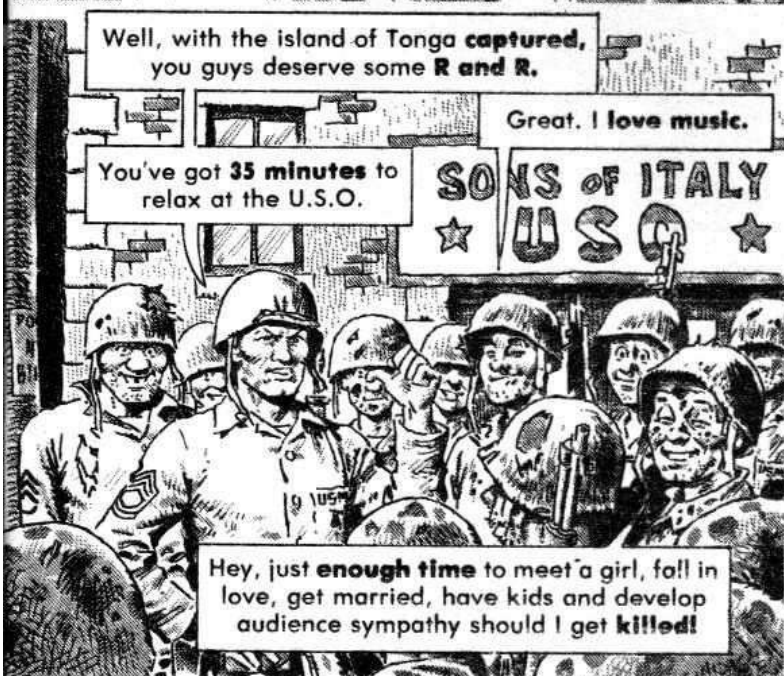
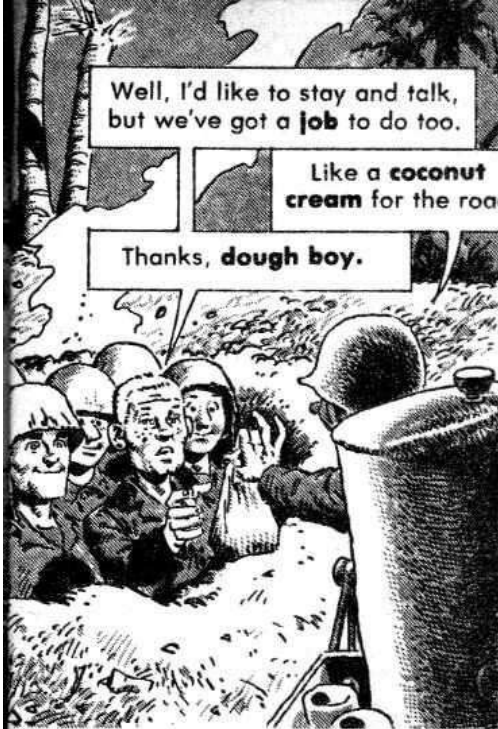
My **draft board**. They said I was **suit**ed for **sneaking** through **enemy** lines and getting **donuts** to our boys.

What made them decide that?

After I was **drafted**, they found me **sneaking** off to **Canada**. Unfortunately, I didn't make it.

What **luck** for us all!





You dough boys **really do** find your way into **every-thing!**

Have you any **other** flavors?

There's **coconut, coconut cream, chocolate, jelly, apple...**

Son, I've only got **3 more minutes** on leave. How many more **flavors** you got?

67! Hawaiian-pineapple, strawberry surprise, plum, maple-banana...

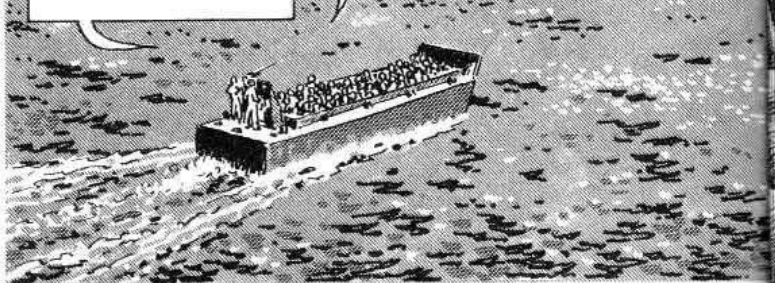
OK guys, this **next mission** is the **big one** where we'll be fighting on **land, sea** and in the **air**.

We do **all that?**

Of course! We're **fighting Naval Marines!!** Now since one of the **most important men** in our platoon was **killed back on Tonga...**

Who, sir?

I don't **remember**.



Anyway, since we **lost** that **important** man, they've sent us a **British officer** to aid us in the **flying** part of the attack—**Colonel Teasipper**.

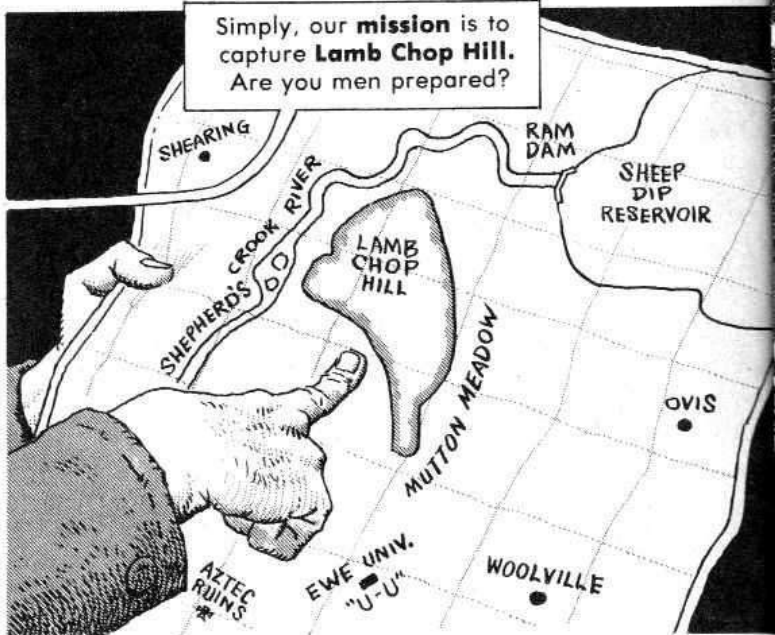
Men, I think I'll be **good** for you. Back in **England** I was a **movie critic**.

What's a **movie critic** know about **air strikes**?



Plenty. I used to **bomb things** all the time.

Simply, our **mission** is to capture **Lamb Chop Hill**. Are you men prepared?



Yes, Sarge!

Good. Then **let's go!!**

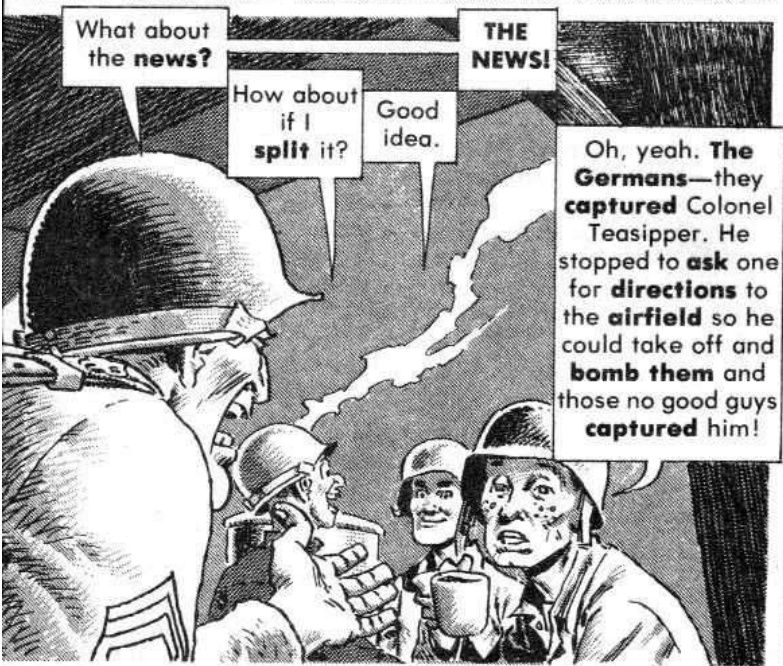




Well, we're **halfway** up **Lamb Chop Hill**, but if we're to **complete** the **mission**, we're gonna need the **air support** Colonel Teasipper promised. Where **is** he anyway?

Sergeant Shouter! **Sergeant Shouter!** I've got some **important** news!

Coffee?



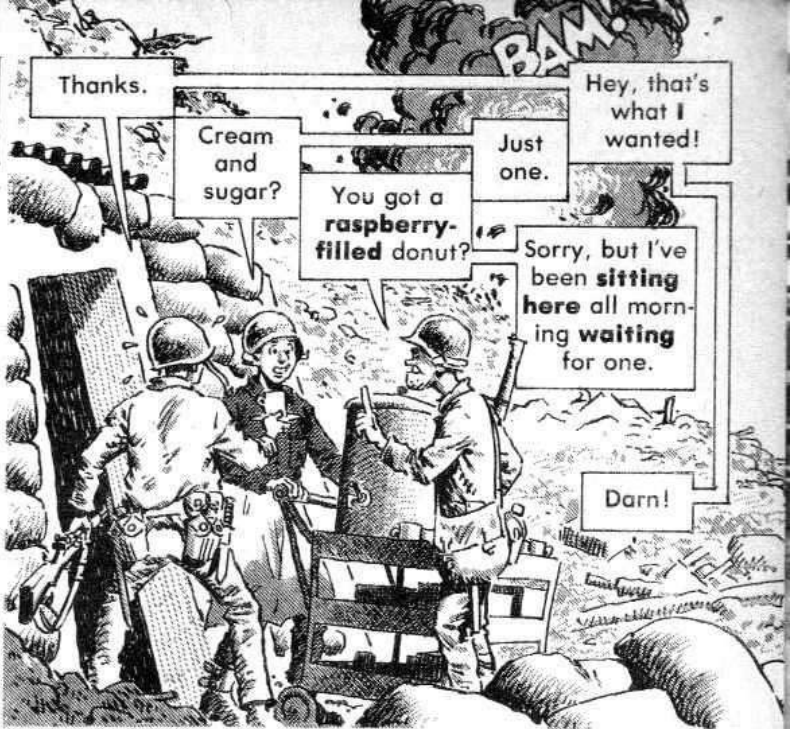
What about the news?

THE NEWS!

How about if I **split** it?

Good idea.

Oh, yeah. **The Germans**—they **captured** Colonel Teasipper. He stopped to **ask** one for **directions** to the **airfield** so he could take off and **bomb** them and those no good guys **captured** him!



Thanks.

Cream and sugar?

You got a **raspberry-filled** donut?

Just one.

Hey, that's what I wanted!

Sorry, but I've been **sitting** **here** all **morning** **waiting** for one.

Darn!



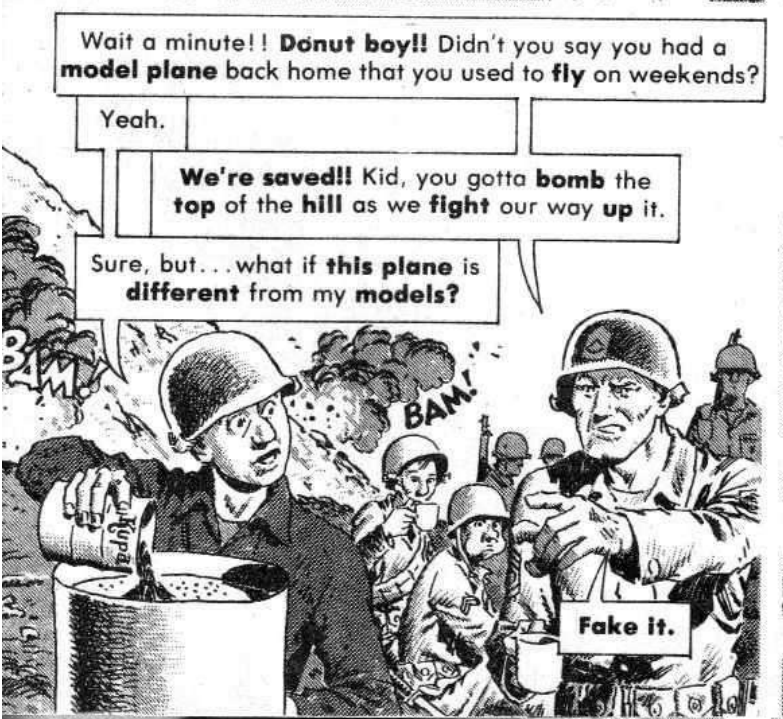
Fine mess. Now **what** are we gonna do?

Why don't **you** fly the plane, Sarge?

I can't. My **license** is in the **cleaners**.

What luck!

Now who're we gonna get?



Wait a minute!! **Donut boy!!** Didn't you say you had a **model plane** back home that you used to **fly** on weekends?

Yeah.

We're saved!! Kid, you gotta **bomb** the **top** of the **hill** as we **fight** our way **up** it.

Sure, but... what if **this plane** is **different** from my **models**?

Fake it.



OK, let's get ready to **clean out** this hill!!

Right, Sarge!

Is Donut boy up in the air yet?



RRRRROWRRR!

There he goes now, Sarge.

Then let's go.



We made it! Lamb Chop Hill is secure!!

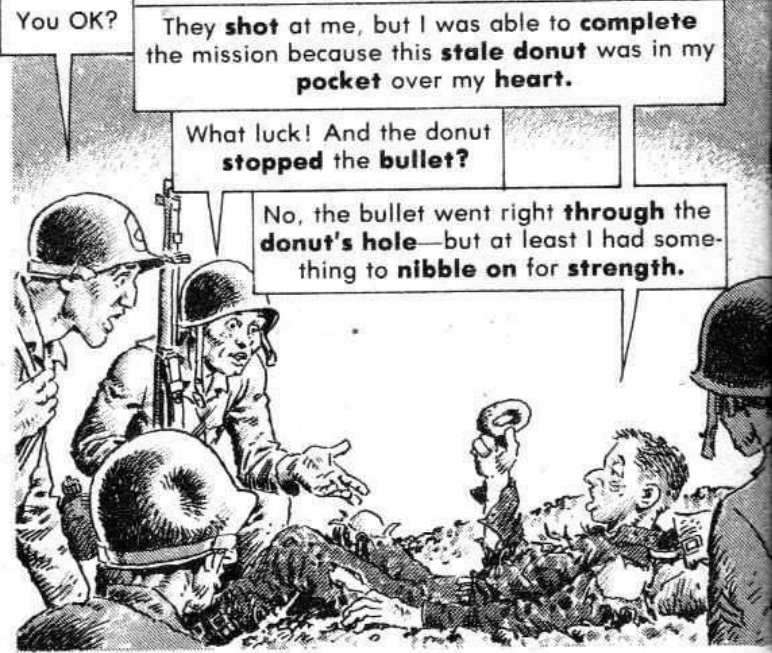
Yeah, but Sarge... our plane's been shot down. I wonder if...

Hold it! There's the Donut boy parachuting towards us now. Grab him!



Hey, watch where you **drop** those things you idiot.

BAM!

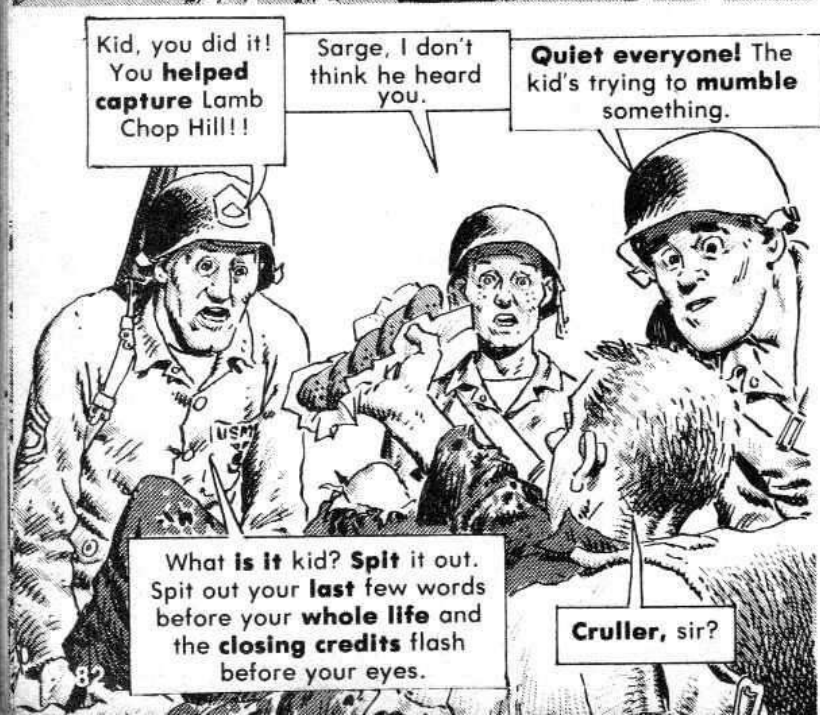


You OK?

They **shot** at me, but I was able to **complete** the mission because this **stale donut** was in my **pocket** over my heart.

What luck! And the donut **stopped** the bullet?

No, the bullet went right **through** the **donut's hole**—but at least I had something to **nibble on** for **strength**.



Kid, you did it! You **helped** capture Lamb Chop Hill!!!

Sarge, I don't think he heard you.

Quiet everyone! The kid's trying to **mumble** something.

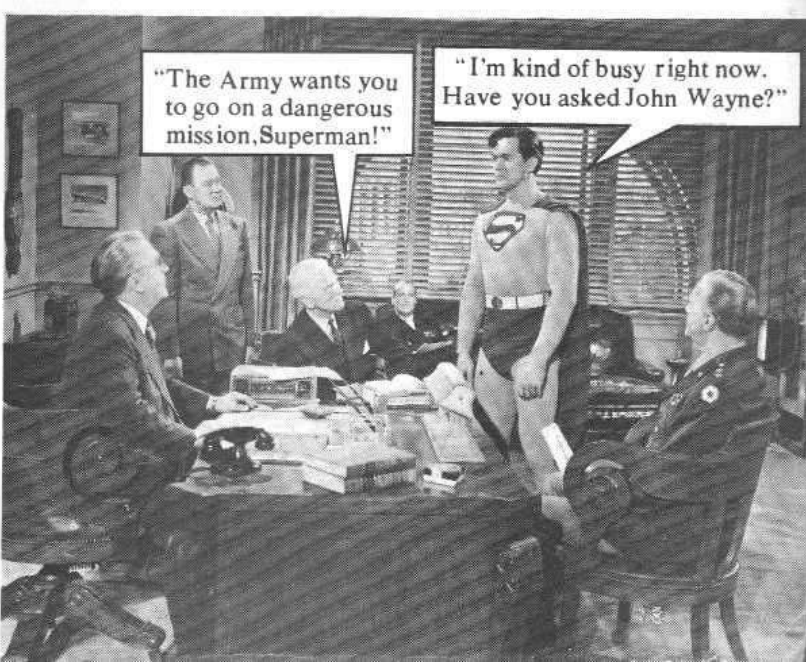
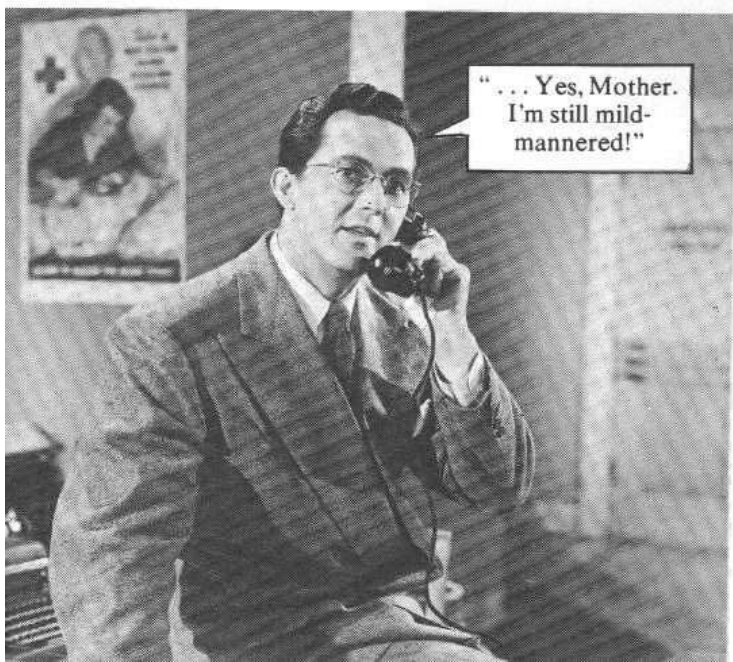
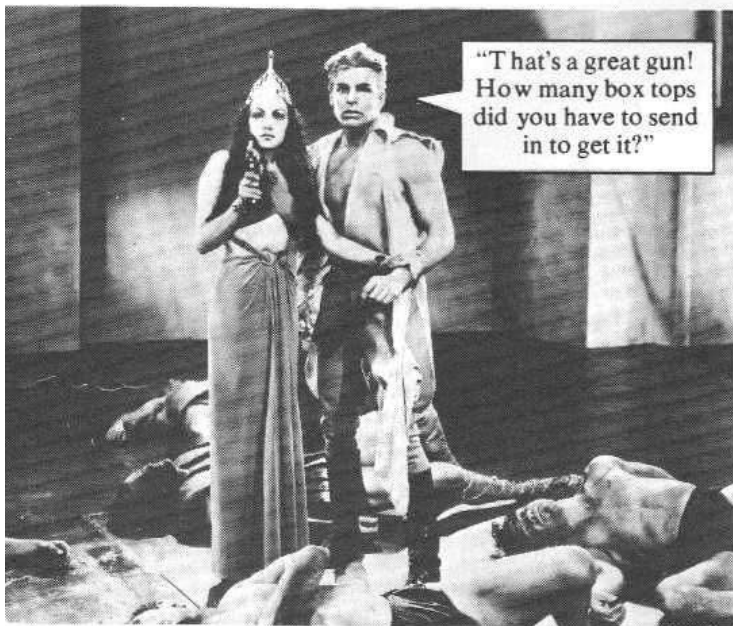
What **is** it kid? **Spit** it out. Spit out your **last** few words before your **whole life** and the **closing credits** flash before your eyes.

Cruller, sir?



Cream puffs, cake and coffee
He smuggled in with joy;
We bow our heads in tribute to
The G.I. Donut Boy.

TH'END



WANNA SCARE OFF WOULD-BE MUGGERS? JUST TURN THIS MAG AROUND
AND MAKE 'EM THINK YOU'RE READING...

KARATE

MARCH
(right down)

\$2.00

(or take it free—
we won't argue!)

**THE MAGAZINE
FOR KILLERS**

**HOW TO DISABLE
A 6'10" OPPONENT**
[if you happen to be 6'11]

LIGHT TAPS TO 
 **KIDNEY BLOWS**

**HOW TO GIVE
A BLOW ON
THE HEAD**

-- TO STOP YOUR PERSPIRING



101 WAYS



**TO CRIPPLE AN OPPONENT
WITHOUT LEAVING A MARK**

[or 102 if you want to leave just one mark]

**IS THE OLD-FASHIONED
SLAP TOO EFFEMINATE?**

16 FULL COLOR PAGES:

**RABBIT PUNCHES FOR
PLAYBOY BUNNIES**

**THE G.I. KARATE EXPERT
WHO KILLED HIMSELF
SALUTING**

